

# CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

July  
25<sup>th</sup>





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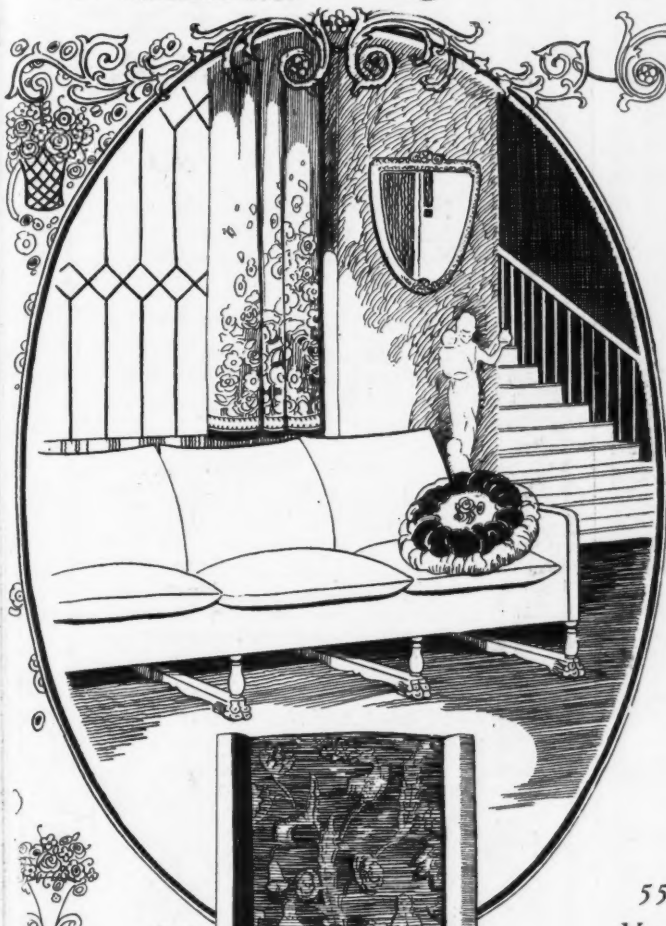
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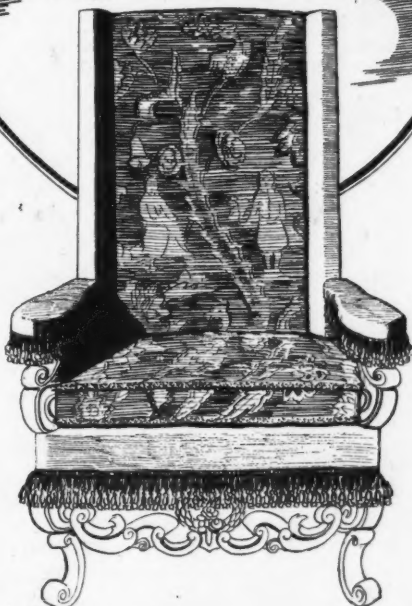
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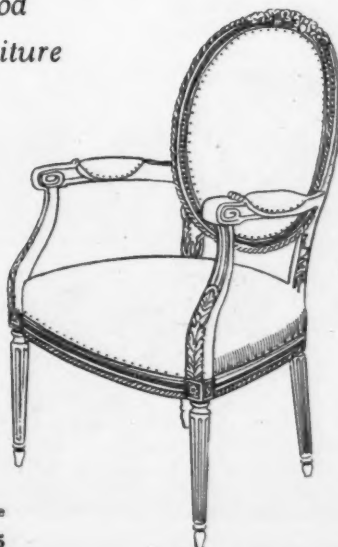
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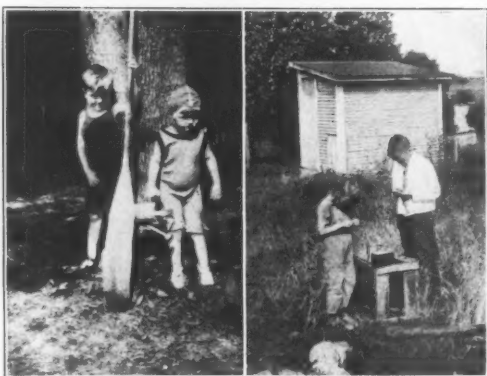
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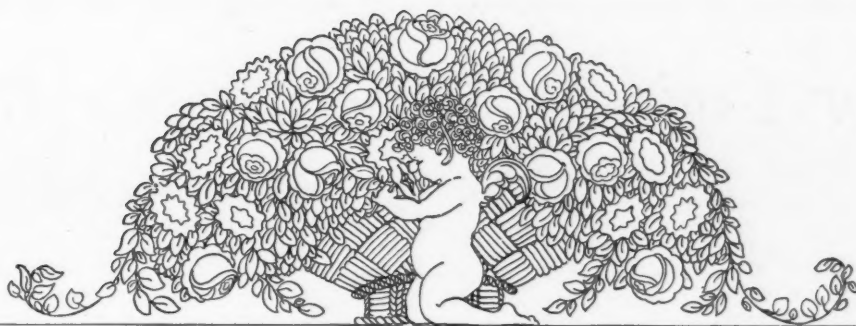
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Rochester, N. Y.

P. S. These cannot be bought in stores.







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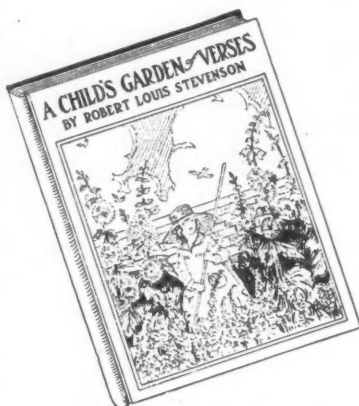
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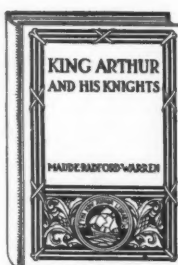
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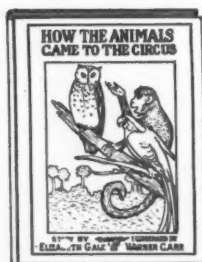
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### RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Publishers of CHILD LIFE

536 South Clark Street,

Chicago, Illinois



# GREETINGS TO OLD GLORY

WE hail you, Independence,  
And hang your banner high;  
All child life gives you greeting  
The fourth day of July!

For glorious Independence  
 Heroic little bands  
 Of freedom-loving children  
 Have come from other lands.

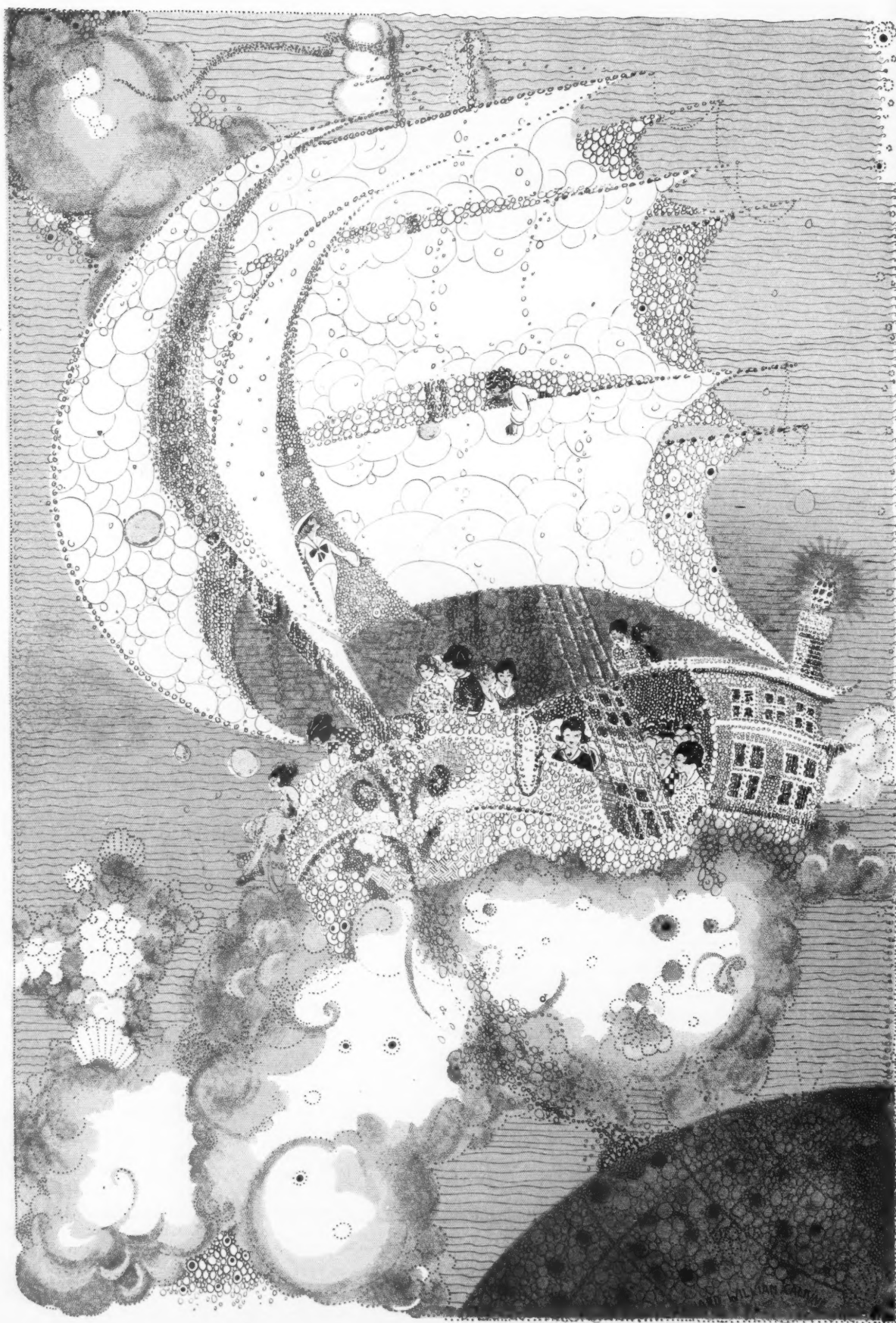
For you, oh, Independence,  
We set aside this day  
To show our love and loyalty  
Some patriotic way.

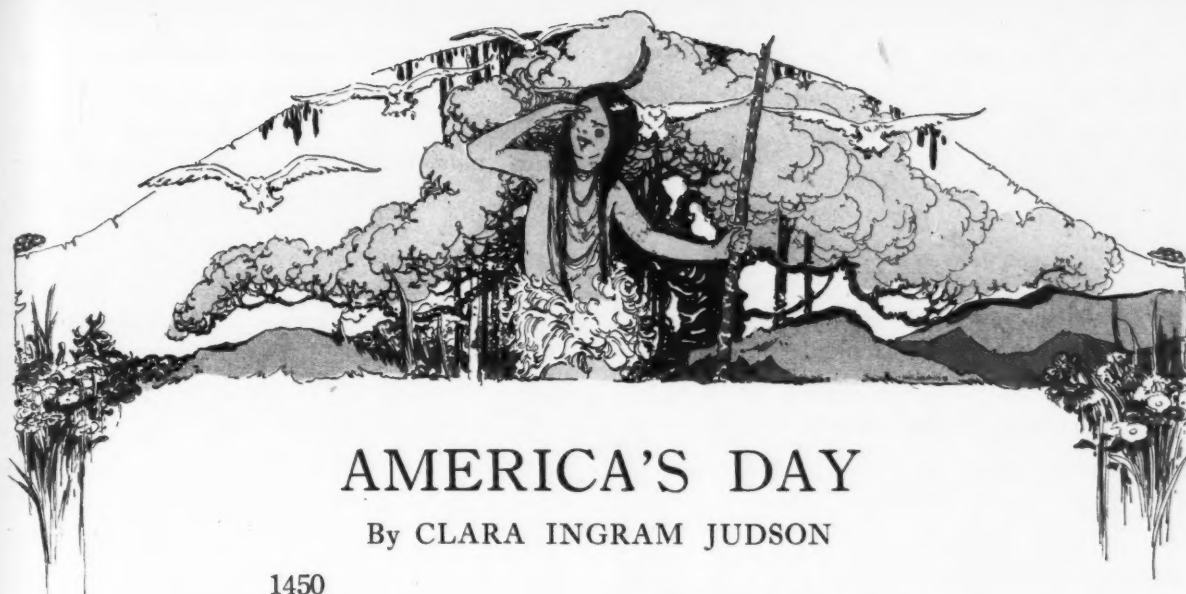
Let's ring around Old Glory  
And sing our Nation's Song;  
There are no foreign children—  
To Freedom all belong!

Rose Waldo, editor.

A. B. C. output







## AMERICA'S DAY

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

1450

### AN INDIAN FEAST

**L**ATE on a July afternoon, a little Indian boy, Wawashee, stood on a hilltop and looked over the country for miles around. To the east, the great ocean gleamed blue and silver, but to the north were rolling meadows and low marshes. Wawashee's mouth watered at the thought of the luscious blueberries in those marshes; he liked blueberries.

It was harder to see in the west. Wawashee shaded his eyes and looked carefully.

"Y-ouw!" he shouted happily. "They come! They come! They come!"

Beyond the strip of forest, his keen eyes spied a line of men. And in the line some carried saplings from which hung deer, limp and dead—food for the hunting feast! With a whoop of joy, Wawashee dashed down the wooded hill toward home.

"They come," he shouted as he raced into the camp, "the hunters come!"

Then indeed was the camp astir. Fires were fed, knives made ready, and a welcoming party started to meet the hunters, for the July feast was one of the great days of summer.

Such an evening as that was! Wawashee had not eaten deer meat these many days,

and the delicious smell made him so hungry he could hardly wait for it to be done. Finally he and all the men and boys ate till they could eat no more. Then the squaws ate and there was enough for all. It had been a good hunt.

The sun set and fireflies rose from the marshes and flitted near the dying camp fire. An owl hooted and was answered from the darkness.

In the twilight, Wawashee crept near his father and asked for a story. The Indian, stretched comfortably on the mossy ground, told him of the hunt. He told him of brave deeds an Indian should do and of the country where they lived.

"Someday," he said to his boy, "when you are a man, you will take journeys. Miles to the south you will go to where the flowers bloom long and the birds linger—that is yours. Miles to the west you will go, where rivers run deep and fish are plenty—that is yours. Miles to the north you will go to where the trees grow great and the snow makes warm shelter against the wigwam—that is yours. In the east, there is only the sea, the great sea water. That, too, is your own. Be a great warrior, Wawashee. Keep and love your own."



Wawashee, happy with his good supper, looked into the embers and dreamed great dreams. And never once did he guess what the future had in store.

1564

#### THE FRENCH CELEBRATION

CELESTE crept up the ladder from the ship's cabin and looked out. No, it wasn't so rough today and she wasn't afraid to walk to the side of the ship where she could peep out between the railings and see the ocean.

"But why look at the sea!"

sighed Celeste, in her pretty toned French. "Always is it just the same—gray and endless! I wish I had never left my dear France! There I had my own garden and my friends. . . ." Here Celeste's lips trembled, and she had to think quickly of something else lest she might cry!

And it would never in the world do for a little French Huguenot girl to be found crying. She must be brave and gay, like her father and mother and their friends.

Celeste had been riding for days across the great, strange Atlantic, coming from her dear home in sunny France to the unknown land, America. They had been happy, home-loving people and it seemed strange that they should be seeking a home so far away! But they were religious people and they wanted to worship God in their own way, a way that did not happen to please the King of France.

He had been cruel, and life in their dear mother country had become so hard that

Celeste's father and mother and some of their friends had decided it would be better to risk a long journey and an unknown land than to stay longer at home. So, fitting out a ship, they took their belongings, went aboard and set sail.

For days the journey had lasted. Celeste got so very tired of eating the same things every day, and never having a chance to run and play. Would the journey never end?

Suddenly one day there was a stir. Shouting men ran and climbed the ropes that held the sails, each shading his eyes and looking intently to the west.

Then, just as the sun burst through clouds, voices shouted, "Land!" "Land ahead!"

Celeste peered off toward the west, too. But little did she see. Only a long, low shadow that seemed green in the afternoon light.

But next morning when she went on deck, a different sight met Celeste's sea-wearied eyes.

Their boat was in a beautiful river, called the River of May, and on either side, great, beautiful trees promised a lovely playground for a little girl who wanted to run and to roll on the warm ground.

Getting ashore was not easy. First the men must go, to see if all was well. That took a whole day, but the report, when they did come, was favorable.

"It is a beautiful country," they said. "Wonderful forests, fruits a-plenty and friendly native Indians."

"Native Indians?" Celeste asked her father. "What does that mean?"





"It means the red men who belong here," replied her father. "This is their country, just as France is ours. We gave presents and they returned gifts and told us to stay here and live."



The next day, Celeste and the other women and children, were rowed ashore.

Such a woods as that was! Great beautiful trees were hung with gray green moss and flowers bloomed everywhere. Celeste was not surprised when she heard that this country was called "Land of Flowers—Florida."

But something was going on.

The Indian chief led them all to an open space under great trees. It made Celeste think of the great cathedrals in France. Only here the great naves were made by branches of trees draped with moss; here the sweet music was the song of birds, and the light, instead of flickering through famous glass windows, was softened by palms and monogolias.

Celeste, clutching at her mother's hand, looked and listened. She saw the Indian chief give to the Frenchmen a great wedge of silver and she heard him say kind words. She saw the captain of their ship give to the Indian chief gifts of silk and treasure in return. Then they clasped hands under the great trees.

"That was a wonderful thing you saw," said her mother that evening when Celeste was making ready for bed.

"Was n't it beautiful!" exclaimed Celeste in happy recollection.

"It was more than beautiful," said her mother, seriously. "Those friendly Indians welcome us, whom they have never before seen, to the land that has been theirs alone.

Here we shall live. Remember now, dear," she added as she tucked her little girl into the narrow ship berth, "you will always be French, but from today you are an American girl, too."

Celeste, whispering the strange new word, "American," slipped off to sleep.

1680

#### KATRINE'S LETTER

IN three days," said Mistress Vedder, "your father will start on his journey to New England. Do you, Katrine, mind the baby so I can finish his new suit."

"Yes, mother," said Katrine, obediently. "But while you sew, can you not tell me where he is going?"

"Indeed, yes," replied Mistress Vedder. "Away far from New Amsterdam" (the city that is now New York) "he is going. Far north to the New England colony. And a very great man is your father, Katrine, to do business such a journey from home!

"You remember, Katrine," she continued, "the English people who lived in Holland so many years ago and then came to America. It is to their colony your father goes. Strangely enough, the man he goes to see has a little daughter named Charity, after her grandmother who lived next door to *your* grandmother in Holland years ago."

"And is Charity about as big as me?" questioned Katrine eagerly.

"Just about, I suspect," laughed Mistress Vedder, "though maybe not so fat," she added teasingly.

"I wish I could see her," sighed Katrine. "Is



it so very far away—this America?"

"Much too far for a little girl to journey," replied her mother. "But you might write a letter. I will let you have one sheet of my best paper. Be careful not to spoil it though, for only one piece may you have. Sharpen your pen well and be careful for blots. There now, Baby Jan is sound asleep. Go to my dresser there—in the top drawer you will find the paper."

"I will write a practice letter first," Katrine decided, "then I can copy it."

But what should she say? How does one begin a letter to a little girl one has never seen? All the time she was doing her work, Katrine thought about that letter.

She washed the dishes and swept the floor, and sprinkled fresh sand evenly upon it. Finally the work was all done and little Katrine sat down to write the letter to Charity.

After considerable re-writing, she got a letter something like this:

Katrine Vedder of New Amsterdam to Charity Mullen of Plymouth.

Dear friend, I salute you.

I wish you could come to see us. You should have been here last Easter. Such a jolly time as we had! We made Easter eggs, and we made nests of clean, fresh straw. We put the eggs in the nests around in our yard and my brothers hunted eggs. For dinner we had chicken and eggs and pie and cake and sweetmeats.

It was almost as good as Christmas. Not quite. I like Christmas. We had a tree and St. Nicholas came to our house. We had a big dinner, too.

On New Year's Day my mother had a party. It was a grown-folks party. I like Christmas and Easter best, but New Year's Day was fun. My mother wore her black silk dress and people came to call. I helped serve and had good things to eat.

Please come and see me.

Your friend,

KATRINE VEDDER.

"That is a good letter," said Mistress Vedder. "But Charity will think we have many holidays. The Pilgrims do not like holidays as we do—only Thanksgiving. Now copy your letter neatly, Katrine, and your father will carry it."

So Katrine worked her best and copied the letter carefully. It was carried way up to Plymouth, Massachusetts and given to Charity Mullen.

Such a happy little girl as Charity was when she received it! She read it over and over. And then, when she was older she put it away in a trunk, and there it laid for many a year.



Till one day, more than two hundred years later, that piece of paper—but that's another story!

1922

# INDEPENDENCE DAY

**N**EXT Tuesday is the Fourth. Hurrah!"

Ned shouted the good news across the back yard to his friend Tom.

"Let's celebrate!" said Ellen, Ned's sister, from the porch.

"Yes, let's," agreed Ned.

"No use trying to celebrate the Fourth any more!" grumbled Tom dolefully, when he found what they were discussing. "Can't do anything! No pistols, no firecrackers, no fireworks at night, no——"

"Dear me, you *are* abused," teased Ned's older sister, Mary. "And you an American! What is the Fourth of July? A day for bragging and noise? Or a day when we remember these United States of America and how they were founded? I should think we could plan a celebration of our own—something that would *fit*."

"Let's!" exclaimed Ned. "We're Americans, the only ones. Let's have an American celebration—in the park," he added.

"And get a lot of neighborhood folks to go with us," suggested Tom.

"Ellen!" A call came from the house. And Ellen ran to see what her mother wanted.

"I wonder," suggested

Mrs. Brown, "if you children would n't like to look over the things in this old trunk. The boys can carry it to the porch and you can take your time looking things over."

The tiny brown leather trunk proved far more interesting than Ellen had suspected. In it were queer old books, little things with quaint lettering and small print; knitted pocketbooks with several tarnished coins; parts of a spinning wheel; some bits of cloth and a packet of letters.

"There is one among these," said Mrs. Brown, fingering them tenderly, "that you will want to read. It was written by a little Dutch girl two hundred and fifty years ago! See?" She showed them the yellowed letter that Katrine had written so long ago.

"Charity must have kept it well," said Mrs. Brown, "for it has come down, from generation to generation."

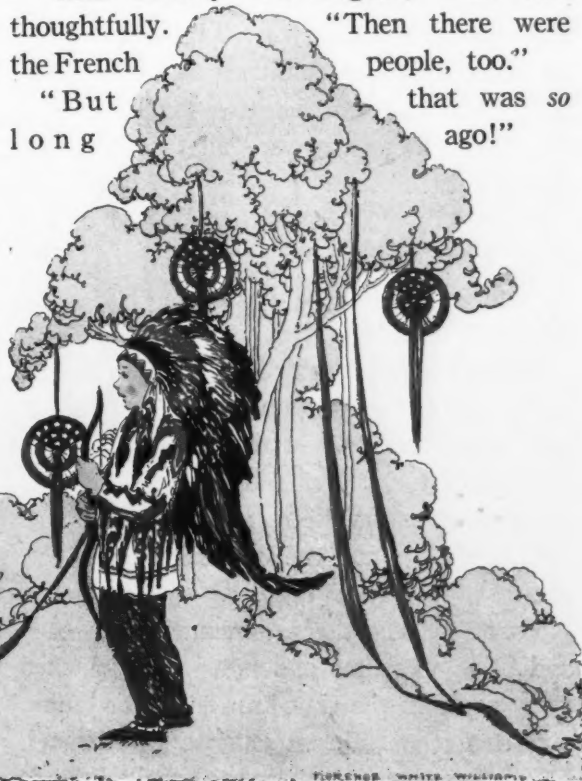
"That little Dutch girl was one of the first Americans, was n't she?" asked Ellen.

"Of course she was!" said Tom. "The Dutch had a big colony."

"And Charity was English," said Ned thoughtfully.

"Then there were the French people, too."

"But that was so long ago!"





exclaimed Tom. "We studied about it in school last spring. They landed in Florida. That made them Americans, too."

"But who began being Americans?" asked Dorothy, Ned's little sister.

"The Indians," replied Tom promptly. "They lived here long before anybody else."

"Then they are real Americans," suggested Ellen. "But how few there are! Only a few hundred thousand kept by our government on reservations out west!"

"I wonder if they ever feel shoved out," said Ellen thoughtfully. "We would."

"Oh, I have an idea," interrupted Mary gaily. "Why don't we have a real American party for the Fourth, a true celebration of the day when all these peoples were brave enough to have an independent country of their own; for that's what the Fourth of July really is! We could have a picnic in the park—that would be easy!"

"And each boy or girl who went," she continued, "could be some kind of an American. Think how many there are, French, English, Dutch, Portuguese, Norsemen, Spanish—you can think up most as many countries as you will have children at the picnic. But don't forget you are all Americans, too."

"And I'll be the first American," said Tom.

"But I wanted to be an Indian," objected Ned.

"That's easy," said Mary comfortably, "one of you be a first Indian and the other be an Indian today living on a government reservation way out west."

"Let's pack up the keepsakes and get to work," cried Tom.

Very tenderly the letters and coins and other treasures of long ago were packed away again in the tiny brown leather trunk, and then the children scurried off through the neighborhood to invite their friends

to the novel Fourth of July celebration.

Such planning of paper costumes and asking of questions, and hunting up of library books!

At nine o'clock, Tuesday the Fourth, baskets were packed and the dressing up business began in earnest. At ten the little group of a dozen children with fathers and mothers and friends started for the park. Baskets were taken over in a car but folks walked. It wouldn't do to have people from olden times ride in automobiles!

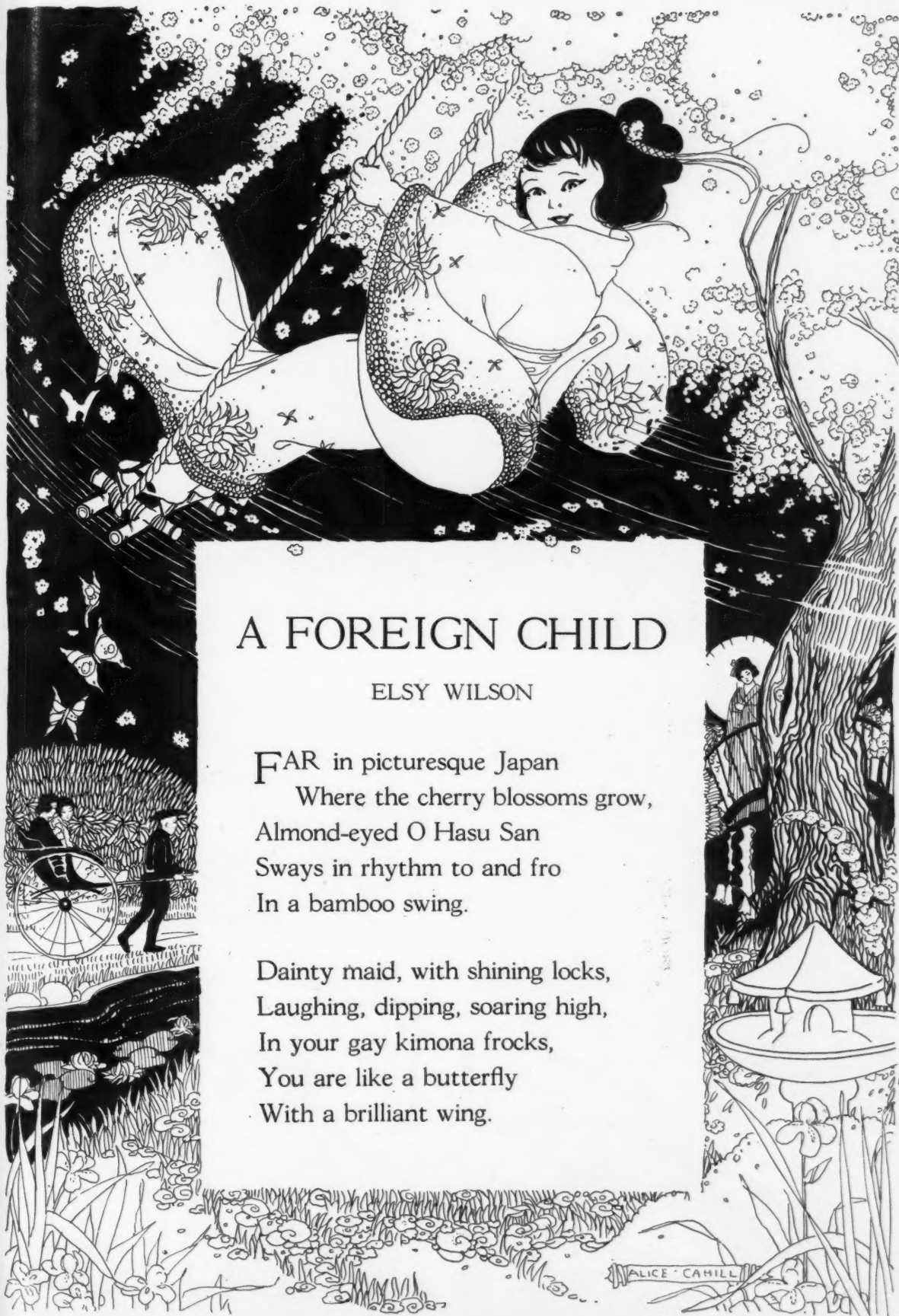
Folks going along the streets that morning looked with interested wonder at the curious group. Spaniards of the sixteenth century, French of the Huguenot period, Dutch of two hundred and fifty years ago, Pilgrims, Puritans, and Norsemen mingled with Indians of hundreds of years ago and of today. And all were laughing and talking together—happy American children.

The children played games, danced folk-dances of different countries and ate a big American dinner. In the afternoon they went over to the sandy shore of beautiful Lake Michigan. And there, as the sun sank lower behind the great, world-made city of Chicago, the young Americans acted out the landing of the French, and then the coming of the Spanish and at last the arrival of the Pilgrims upon American shores.

"Say, folks," Tom suggested, as they packed their picnic baskets in the car again and started homeward, "let's give a cheer for America and for the Fourth!"

So there on the sandy beach, the children gave a three times three for their own country, America, that they understood better than ever after this day, and another for the best Fourth they had ever known.





## A FOREIGN CHILD

ELSY WILSON

FAR in picturesque Japan  
Where the cherry blossoms grow,  
Almond-eyed O Hasu San  
Sways in rhythm to and fro  
In a bamboo swing.

Dainty maid, with shining locks,  
Laughing, dipping, soaring high,  
In your gay kimona frocks,  
You are like a butterfly  
With a brilliant wing.

ALICE CAHILL

# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy and Red, each armed with poles and the "yummiest eats," went off to spend the Fourth fishing

JUST LIKE THIS



Horrors! He lost his balance! Thinking only of Jonah and the Whale he disappeared

JUST LIKE THIS



Pudgy had a bite first thing. "Boy, it must be a whopper!" he thought, as he struggled to land it

JUST LIKE THIS



Red laughed to split his sides. The terrible monster that pulled Pudgy overboard looked

JUST LIKE THIS



A great fear seized him. Suppose this huge fish should drag him into the water! Still he kept pulling

JUST LIKE THIS



Once more they tried. With the aid of Zingo the elf, Pudgy proved to be a real fisherman. He is proud to present you with a snapshot of himself

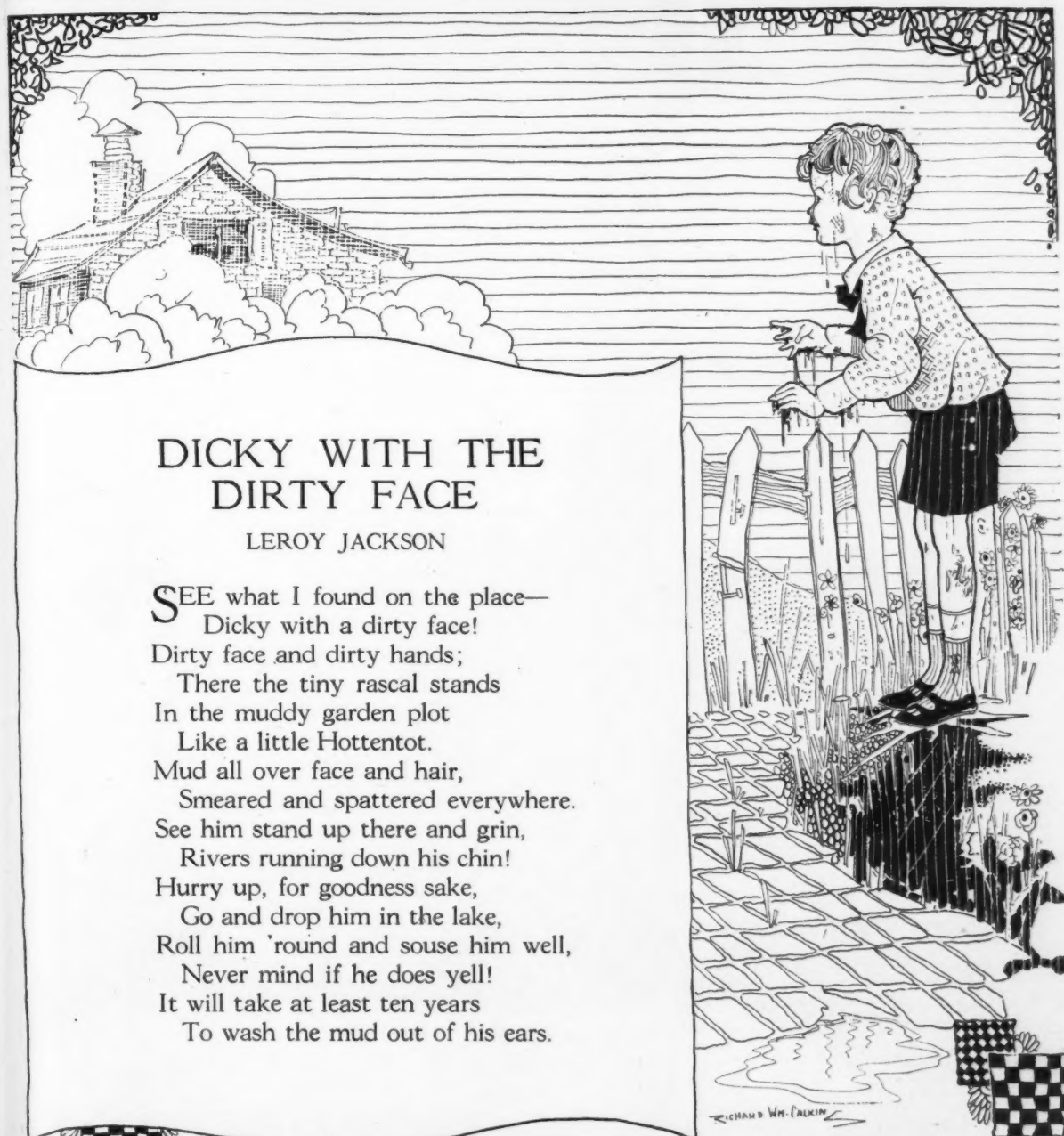
JUST LIKE THIS







## NURSERY - NUGGETS



### DICKY WITH THE DIRTY FACE

LEROY JACKSON

SEE what I found on the place—  
 Dicky with a dirty face!  
 Dirty face and dirty hands;  
 There the tiny rascal stands  
 In the muddy garden plot  
 Like a little Hottentot.  
 Mud all over face and hair,  
 Smeared and spattered everywhere.  
 See him stand up there and grin,  
 Rivers running down his chin!  
 Hurry up, for goodness sake,  
 Go and drop him in the lake,  
 Roll him 'round and souse him well,  
 Never mind if he does yell!  
 It will take at least ten years  
 To wash the mud out of his ears.

Hermina  
Selz

## MY FRIEND IN THE MOON

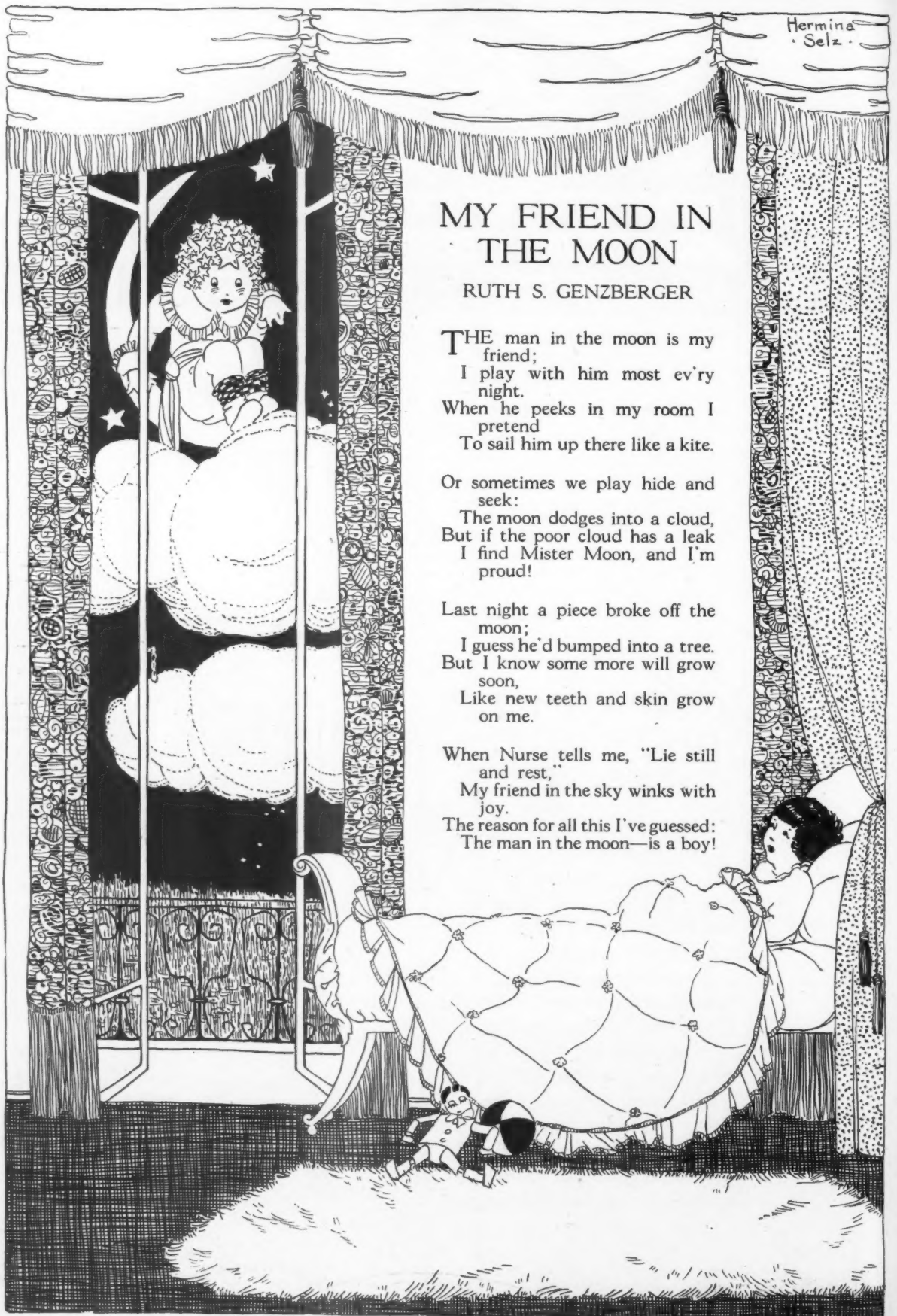
RUTH S. GENZBERGER

THE man in the moon is my  
friend;  
I play with him most ev'ry  
night.  
When he peeks in my room I  
pretend  
To sail him up there like a kite.

Or sometimes we play hide and  
seek:  
The moon dodges into a cloud,  
But if the poor cloud has a leak  
I find Mister Moon, and I'm  
proud!

Last night a piece broke off the  
moon;  
I guess he'd bumped into a tree.  
But I know some more will grow  
soon,  
Like new teeth and skin grow  
on me.

When Nurse tells me, "Lie still  
and rest,"  
My friend in the sky winks with  
joy.  
The reason for all this I've guessed:  
The man in the moon—is a boy!



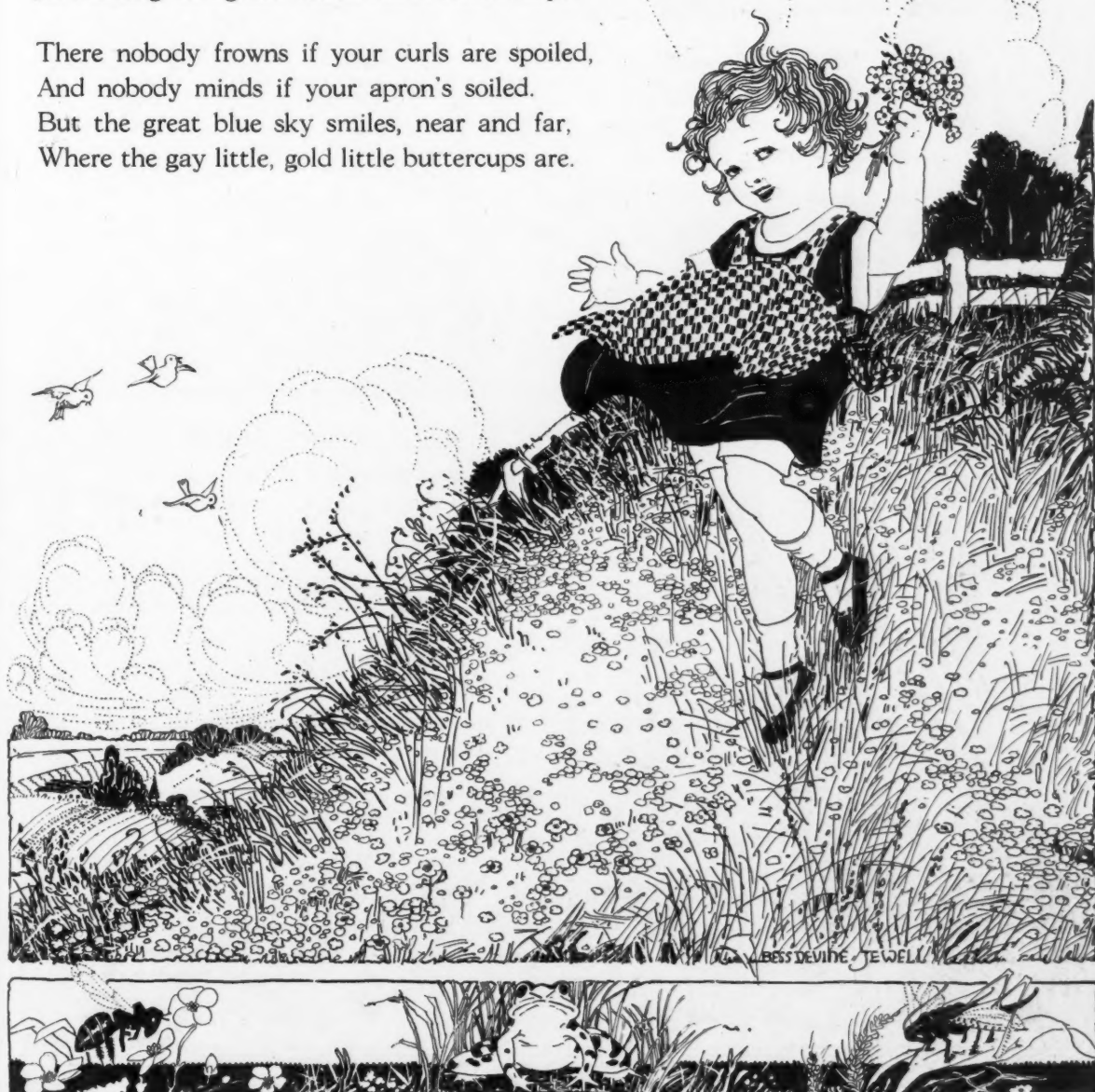
## BUTTERCUP LAND

ROSE HENDERSON

COME, little girl in the new blue frock,  
Let's take a walk by the big round rock  
That lies by the path of soft warm sand  
That leads to the edge of Buttercup Land.

In Buttercup Land there are no cross words,  
But flies and crickets and bees and birds,  
And a small gray toad that hops and hops  
In the long cool grass where the brooklet stops.

There nobody frowns if your curls are spoiled,  
And nobody minds if your apron's soiled.  
But the great blue sky smiles, near and far,  
Where the gay little, gold little buttercups are.





# THE FEATHERED PATRIOT

DAISY M. MOORE

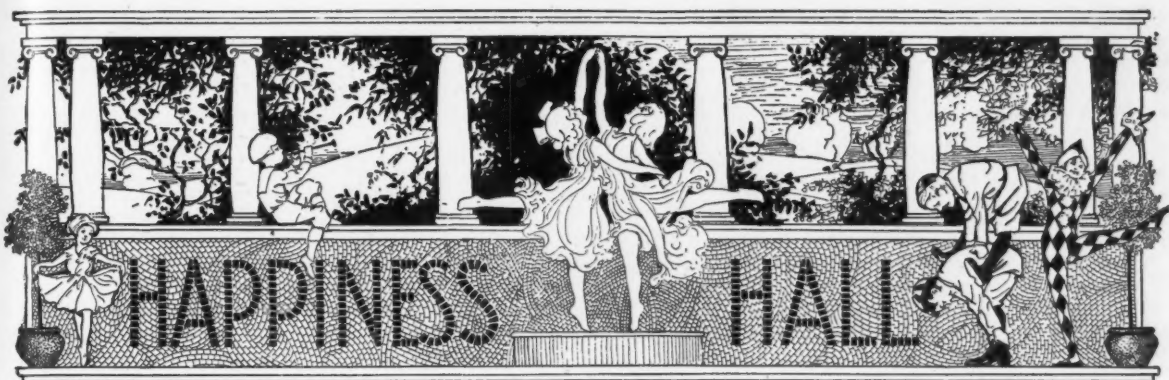
Tcheer! Tcheer! Tcheer!"  
I heard a warble clear;  
How came a bird to know  
That July Fourth is here?

"Tcheer! Tcheer! Tcheer!"  
The warbler nearer drew,  
And peering through the leaves  
I saw his coat of blue.

I caught full sight of him  
Before he flew away,  
And knew just why he cheered  
On Independence Day!

Of course, each one of you  
Is wondering how I knew—  
His lovely feather clothes  
Were red and white and blue!





## PERCY PUDDLE

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

YO! Ho!" exclaimed the puddle in the middle of the street,  
 "I'm the very biggest puddle one could ever, ever meet!"

"Yuh, humph!" sniffed the little puddles all along the walk.  
 "Look at Percy Puddle, will you! Listen to him talk!"

And they winked at one another and they winked up at the trees,  
 And they winked at Percy Puddle who was perky as you please.

But Percy only puffed himself and plopped around some more,  
 For Percy didn't know the fate that puddles have in store;

So he glimmered and he shimmered all the merry morning through,  
 While the other puddles chuckled to themselves as puddles do.

But after while the sun began to shine with all his might,  
 Which put poor Percy Puddle in a pretty, pretty plight;

For he shriveled and he shriveled and at last he shriveled up  
 Till he wasn't any bigger than a quarter of a cup!

And there sat all the other puddles perky to the brim,  
 Every single, shady puddle underneath his shady limb,

And they winked at one another and they winked up at the trees,  
 And they winked at poor old Percy who was humble as you please.



## FUZZY WUZZY'S FOURTH OF JULY

RAYMOND KELLY

IT was the nation's birthday and up to the mountain side  
 The little children simply flocked from valleys far and wide;  
 For if without a picnic gay that date were let go by,  
 It would not seem to little folk the Fourth Day of July.  
 Of course, our Cubby Fuzzy was, as usual, right on hand,  
 Attracted by the luncheon and the music of the band.  
 Right royal was the welcome that they all accorded him,  
 For to their celebration grand they knew he would add vim.

From all sides of the picnic ground was heard, in loud acclaim,  
 The shouting by the gathered crowd of Fuzzy Wuzzy's name.  
 For, in athletic prowess, little Fuzzy was a star,  
 At pole vault and at shot put, oh, he shone the best by far!  
 In baseball games quite often he a three-base hit had made,  
 And in the hundred-yard event he won by just a shade.  
 Of course, he would have lost that time to little Charlie Sweet,  
 Had he not finished that hot race on all four of his feet.



Now Charlie he protested, and he said it wasn't fair,  
 But judges at the finish said, "The race goes to the bear."  
 So Fuzzy Wuzzy won, in all, nine dishes of ice cream—  
 Enough to fill a full grown bear, to us 'twould surely  
 seem.

But little Fuzzy Wuzzy always had an appetite.  
 He ate them all, then looked around, but no more was in sight.  
 Then he went sniff, sniff, sniffing 'round, till underneath  
 a van

Our Fuzzy smelled that lovely smell—an empty ice cream  
 can.



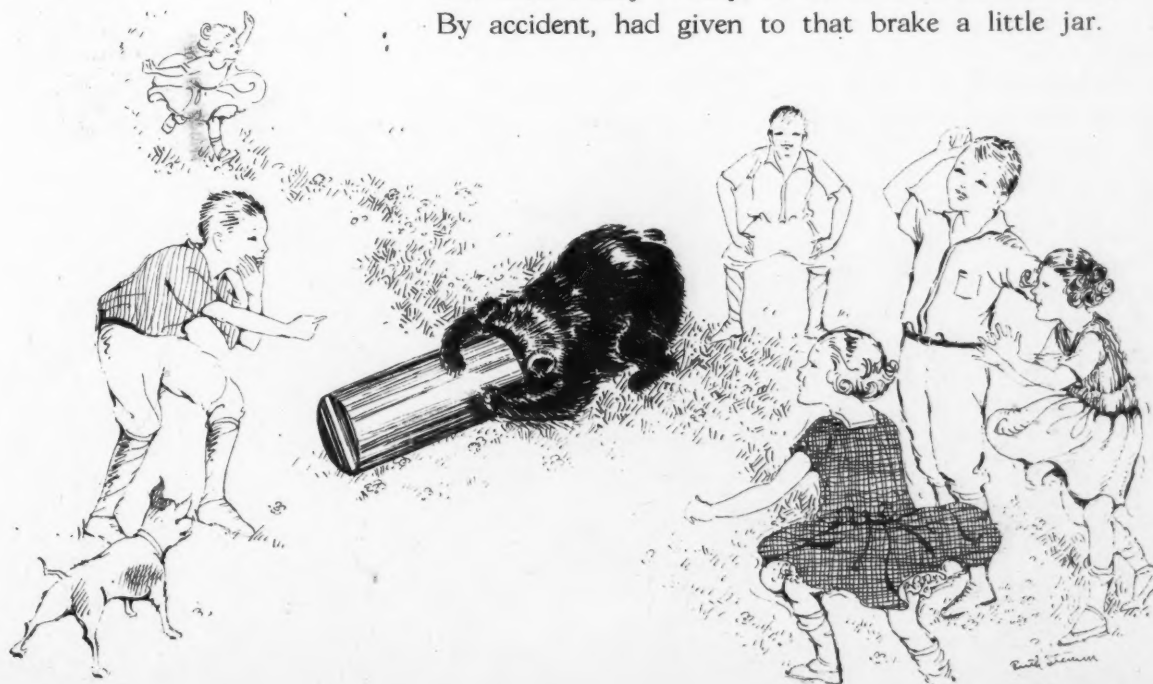
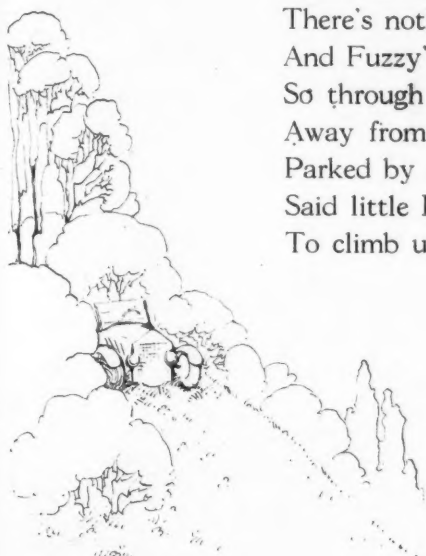
Into the can his head he thrust, and cleaned up every lick,  
 But when he tried to back away, he felt that old can stick.  
 Loud cries and louder laughter rang throughout the summer air,  
 For 'twas a funny sight to see that ice cream can and bear.  
 Poor Fuzzy felt 'most smothered and was awfully ashamed.  
 Said he, "When I get out of here, they'll find I'm not quite tamed!"  
 But when at last that freezer can fell off him with a bang,  
 He tried his best to run away from all the laughing gang.

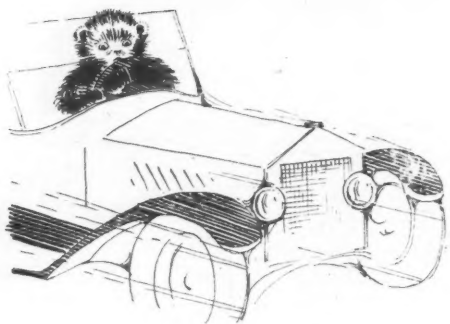


Now little Fuzzy almost wished that he were really dead.  
 There's nothing half so cranky as a cub with aching head,  
 And Fuzzy's head was throbbing from the struggle with that can;  
 So through the tangled bushes little Fuzzy Wuzzy ran.  
 Away from laughing children he hastened, till, afar,  
 Parked by a giant hemlock tree, he spied the preacher's car.  
 Said little Fuzzy Wuzzy, "Now to me it would seem best  
 To climb upon the cushions here and take a good long rest."

When Fuzzy planned to do a thing, that usually was done.  
 So up into the car he climbed, and stretched out in the sun.  
 Said Fuzzy Wuzzy to himself, "I'll take a nice long sleep."  
 But he had reckoned far awry—that car began to creep!  
 You see, its owner left it on the slope of that big hill,  
 And counted on the hand-brake there to hold it tight and still.

But little Fuzzy Wuzzy, as he climbed into the car,  
 By accident, had given to that brake a little jar.





Then with a wild and startled cry, our Fuzzy sat up straight,  
And grabbed hold of the steering wheel; but, by some freak  
of fate,  
He knocked the lever into gear, and down the mountain road  
The car sped like a frightened deer that hears a gun explode.  
So fast that car was going that it seemed to whiz through  
space,  
And on a race track it rolled out, right at the starting place.  
Six cars had left the starting post and almost reached  
the turn,  
But Fuzzy caught them with a speed that made that race  
track burn.

So wild a little driver had that race track never seen  
As little Fuzzy Wuzzy in his runaway machine.  
Around and 'round the track they whizzed, while Fuzzy, at the wheel,  
The flying grit and pebbles on his face and paws could feel.  
A loud shout from the grand stand came, "Why, that's our preacher's  
car!  
He's a jolly sport, but not the sort to drive so fast, by far!"  
Around the track they simply whirled. Oh, 'twas a won-  
drous race!  
At last, the ten miles ended with our Fuzzy in first place.

Just then, beside the big grand stand his engine sort of cried.  
It bravely coughed and sneezed and wheezed, and then laid  
down and died.  
Down from the topmost bleacher seats poured forth the  
shouting crowd,  
And on their shoulders raised that cub, and cheered and  
cheered aloud.  
To the judge's stand they bore him to receive the winner's  
cup,  
While Fuzzy Wuzzy wondered what in the world was up.  
Thought little Fuzzy Wuzzy, "I'm a hero I can see;  
But what the fuss is all about is  
a mystery to me."



# NATURE STORIES



## CATERPILLAR ON THE WALL

MARION RYAN

CATERPILLAR on the wall,  
Fuzzy, furry yellow ball!

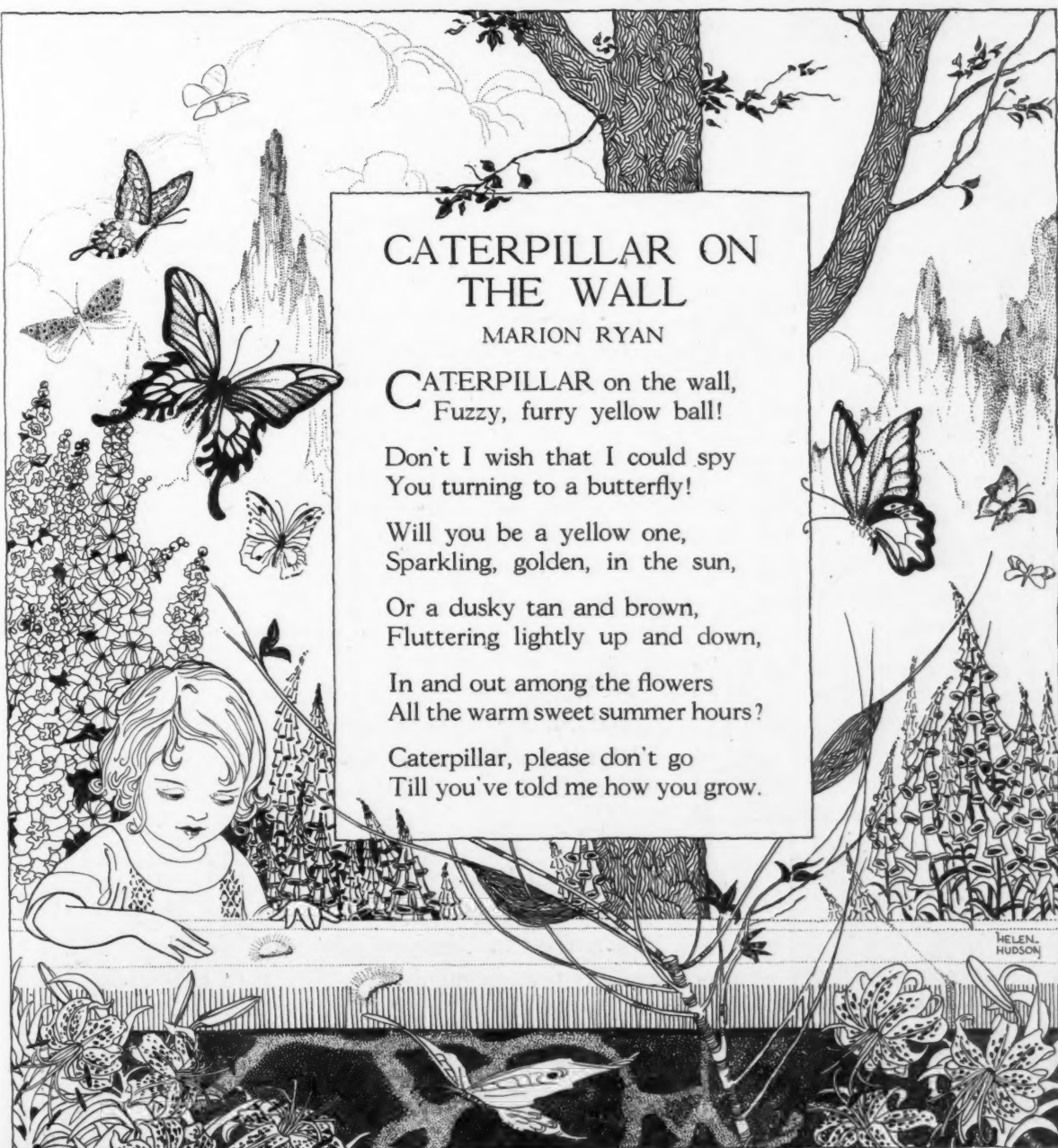
Don't I wish that I could spy  
You turning to a butterfly!

Will you be a yellow one,  
Sparkling, golden, in the sun,

Or a dusky tan and brown,  
Fluttering lightly up and down,

In and out among the flowers  
All the warm sweet summer hours?

Caterpillar, please don't go  
Till you've told me how you grow.





## A BIRD STORY

J. M. COLTON

ONE morning little Phoebe Bird,  
High in an elm tree sitting,  
Noticed her friend young Bobolink  
Among the branches flitting.

She called to him with winning voice,  
And showed him her new feather,  
"I'm going on a Lark," she said,  
"It is such pleasant weather."

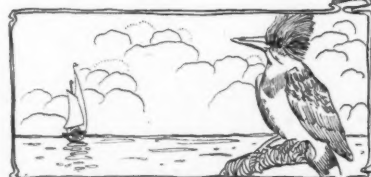
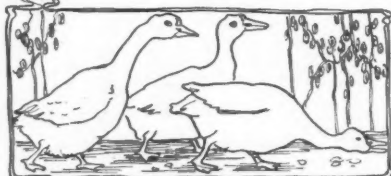
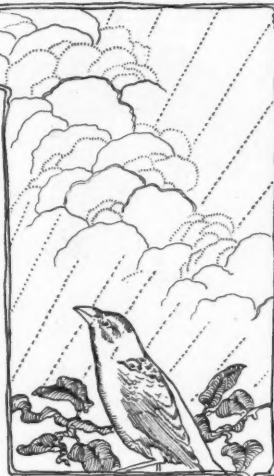
"I'd be a Goose," cried Bobolink,  
"If I should fail to follow;  
For Toucan fly a race, you know,  
And I can beat you hollow.

"We'll cross the lake to Redbreast Inn,  
The Kingfisher will sail us,  
The Oven-bird shall cook our food,  
We'll Thrasher if she fail us.

"An omelette of Robins' eggs  
You won't disdain to Swallow,  
And I'll not Chaffer at the cost,  
If cold Magpie should follow."

"Perhaps I'll wear my Bunting dress,"  
Said Phoebe, "'tis so pretty;  
We'll have a Chat with Jennie Wren,  
She'll think I'm from the city.

"I fear that I must Whip-poor-will,  
Or he will follow surely."  
Then Phoebe tried to Crane her neck  
And Duck her head demurely.

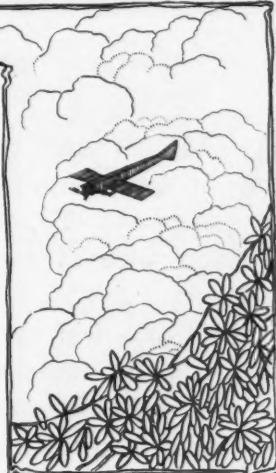




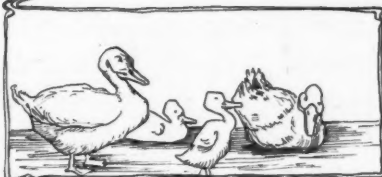
They had not traveled far when Bob  
Wished that his coat were thicker;  
For breezes blew from overhead,  
The sunlight seemed to Flicker.

And higher than a Kite they saw,  
Along the sky careering,  
A monstrous dark-hued Humming Bird  
Directly toward them steering.

Skylarking then went Phoebe's heart,  
And fears came crowding thickly;  
She felt quite sure that awful bird  
Woodpecker eyes out quickly!



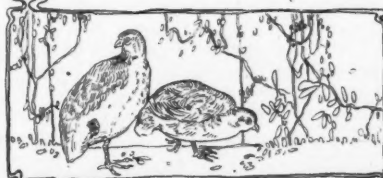
"Don't Quail at that," cried Bobolink.  
"Though huge, there's no denying,  
It's nothing, but an aeroplane;  
We always Gull them flying."



"Don't Crow," said Phoebe; "like an Owl  
Be wise and seek a shelter."  
An Oriole window then they spied,  
And flew in helter-skelter.



But 'twas the home of Hermit Thrush,  
And when he saw them flying,  
The Hermit called the Cardinal;  
He found their presence trying.



A Screech Owl cried aloud their names,  
Which Parrot twice repeated,  
Then Bob White bowed, and Mocking Bird  
Begged that they would be seated.



When Phoebe Bird and Bobolink  
Reached home the sun was sinking;  
And soon two weary little birds  
In downy nests were blinking.



# THE SUNDEW

FRANCES CAMP DUGGAR

**A** LITTLE plant grew in the meadow. It was a beautiful plant with a long stem and tiny, delicate flowers. But the leaves were even more beautiful than the flowers.

Around each leaf was a wonderful green fringe, and the leaves were always covered with tiny drops that shone like diamonds in the sunshine; so the little plant was called the sundew.

Many flies and other insects came to visit the sundew. They thought the drops shining on the leaves were little drops of dew and they came to take a drink. But if a little insect stopped to take a drink from the sundew, he never, never went home again. For the sundew was a wicked little plant and she made the drops of dew and kept them there to deceive the insects. As soon as a fly touched one of her leaves, he stuck fast to the sticky drops. Then the green fringe

folded itself tightly over the poor fly and held him fast. The fly tasted very good to the little sundew plant, and she ate him up just as fast as she could. But she could not eat as fast as a little boy or girl. It took her many days to eat the fly.

Then the little sundew opened her leaf quite wide again and waited for another fly to come.

Soon a small green fly came humming along, but he did not stop to visit the sundew. Many other insects passed by but none of them came to the pretty shining leaves.

"I wonder if I shall have any breakfast today," thought the little sundew. Just then a very tiny insect flew down and touched one of the pretty flowers. Then he flew straight down to a shining leaf, and the leaf shut up and held him fast. So the little sundew had him for her breakfast.

## PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

**T**WO prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the two best color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the May contest are: Beatrice Crossland, 595 Sherman Street, Akron, Ohio; and Billy Tenery, Route 2, Dallas, Texas. Honorable mention: Nancy G. Griggs, Ora Dobbs, Ruth Stiles, Anna Hunter, Marion Armstrong and Edward Hohensee.

The characters of "The Flower Circus" should be done in their natural colors. Try to be sure that these colors are correct. The best colors are made with the use of water color paints, but crayons may also be used effectively.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk?

Send your colored page before July 20th to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

No. 1. CARNATION (*Dianthus caryophyllus*). Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher who lived about 300 B. C., gave this flower the name *Dianthus* from the Greek words *dios*, meaning divine, and *anthos*, meaning flower. This plant has been in cultivation more than 2,000 years. Its old English name was Gillyflower. There are a great many varieties. Time, June to August. Colors, white, light and dark pink; also red.

No. 2. DAISY (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*). Because of the sun-like form of the daisy, it was first called "day's eye." This

tall leafy stemmed daisy, which is also called oxeye daisy or white weed, belongs to the same aster family, as the smaller English daisy (*Bellis perennis*), a low early composite, which is widely known as a garden flower. Time, summer. Color, white with yellow center.

No. 3. PANSY (*Viola tricolor*). The word pansy comes from the French word, *pensee* and means thought. The flower, which is also called heartsease, is one of the oldest garden flowers and is a native of Europe. Time, spring and summer. Color, white, purple, yellow, different shades of blue, violet, and black.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

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# ANIMATED BOTANY

## A COMEDY OF THE WOODS

BY E STELLE HARRIET ROBBINS

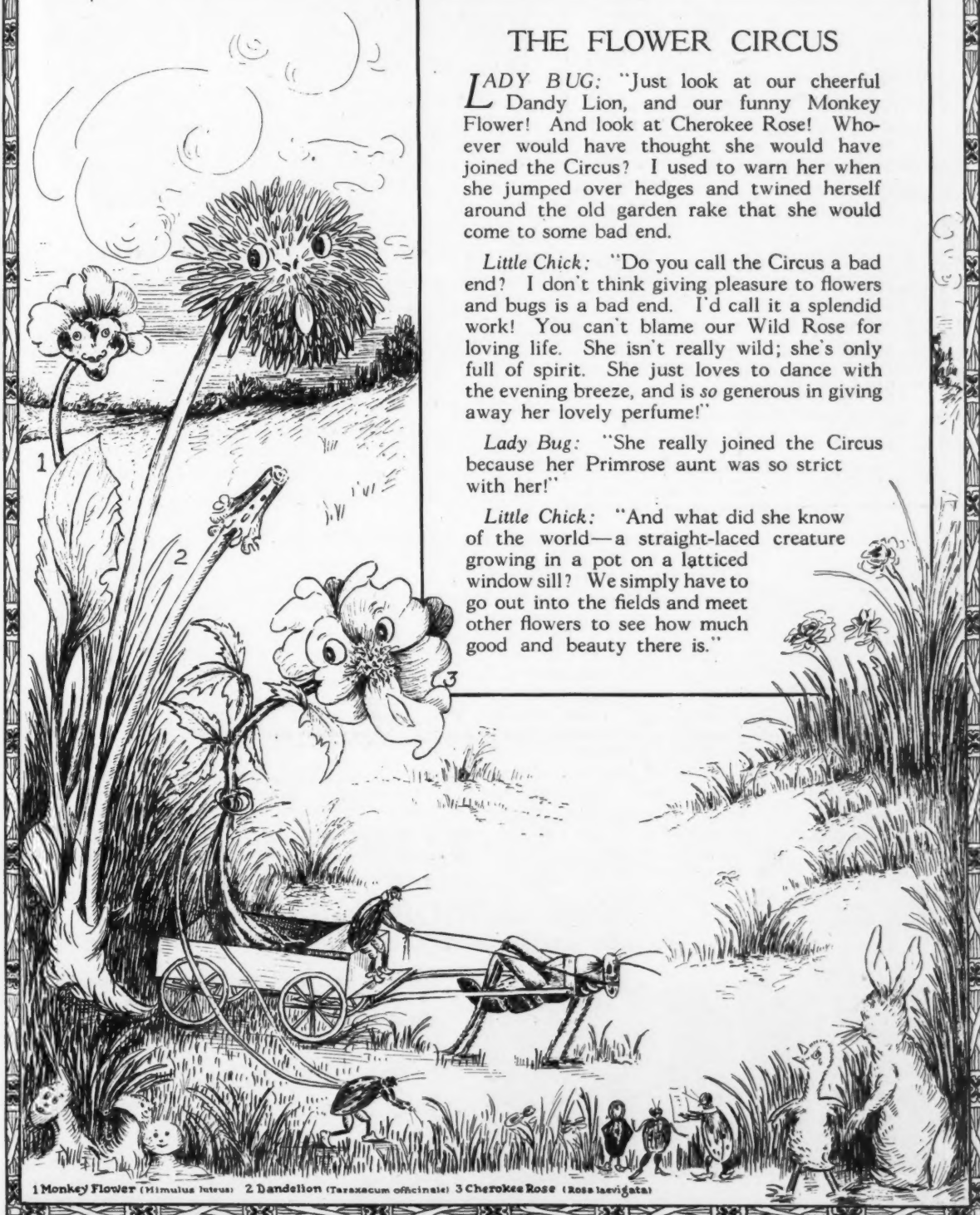
### THE FLOWER CIRCUS

**LADY BUG:** "Just look at our cheerful Dandy Lion, and our funny Monkey Flower! And look at Cherokee Rose! Whoever would have thought she would have joined the Circus? I used to warn her when she jumped over hedges and twined herself around the old garden rake that she would come to some bad end.

**Little Chick:** "Do you call the Circus a bad end? I don't think giving pleasure to flowers and bugs is a bad end. I'd call it a splendid work! You can't blame our Wild Rose for loving life. She isn't really wild; she's only full of spirit. She just loves to dance with the evening breeze, and is so generous in giving away her lovely perfume!"

**Lady Bug:** "She really joined the Circus because her Primrose aunt was so strict with her!"

**Little Chick:** "And what did she know of the world—a straight-laced creature growing in a pot on a latticed window sill? We simply have to go out into the fields and meet other flowers to see how much good and beauty there is."



1 Monkey Flower (*Mimulus luteus*) 2 Dandelion (*Taraxacum officinale*) 3 Cherokee Rose (*Rosa laevigata*)

### LIST OF THE TWENTY TITLES IN EACH VOLUME WITH THE AGES INDICATED

#### VOLUME ONE 6 Years of Age and Under

Rhyme & Jingle Reader  
First Term Primer  
Nursery Tales  
Mother Goose Reader  
Aesop's Fables  
More Fables from Aesop  
Fairy Stories of the Moon  
Stories from Grimm  
Jack and the Beanstalk  
Adventures of a Brownie  
Three Billy Goats Gruff  
Patriotic Stories  
Four Little Cotton Tails  
Cotton Tails in Winter  
Cotton Tails at Play  
Cotton Tails in Vacation  
Little Red Riding Hood  
Kitty Mittens  
Puss in Boots & Cinderella  
Story of a Sunbeam

#### VOLUME TWO 7 Years of Age

Nature Myths  
Little Wood Friends  
Bird Stories  
Wings and Stings  
Little Plant People—I  
Little Plant People—II  
Little Workers  
Greek Myths  
Stories from Andersen  
Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew  
Thumbelina  
Reynard the Fox  
More Stories of the 3 Bears  
More Stories of the 3 Pigs  
Child Life in the Colonies  
Fuzz in Japan  
Picture Study Stories  
Story of Columbus  
Story of Robinson Crusoe  
Sleeping Beauty

#### VOLUME THREE 8 Years of Age

Bud, Stems and Fruits  
Our Animal Friends  
Story of Wool  
Story of Coal  
Story of Flax  
Story of Glass  
Indian Children Tales  
Story of Washington

Boyhood of Lincoln  
Story of David Crockett  
Story of Daniel Boone  
Boston Tea Party  
Stories of the Norsemen  
Story of the Mayflower  
Famous Early Americans  
Stories of the Revolution—I  
Stories of the Revolution—II  
Stories of the Revolution—III  
Children of the Northland  
Story of the Pilgrims

#### VOLUME FOUR 9 Years of Age

What We Drink  
Animal Life in the Sea  
What Happened at the Zoo  
Story of Cotton  
Story of Printing  
Story of Silk  
Stories of Time  
Story of Wheat  
Story of Sugar  
History of Verse  
Life in Colonial Days  
Story of Grant  
Story of Napoleon  
American Inventors—I  
American Inventors—II  
Stories of Robin Hood  
Lexington & Bunker Hill  
The Snow Man  
Three Golden Apples  
Eyes & No Eyes & 3 Giants

#### VOLUME FIVE 10 Years of Age

Stories of the Stars  
Making of the World  
Gifts of the Forests  
Story of Leather  
Story of Iron  
Story of Steam  
Lewis & Clark Expedition  
Story of La Fayette  
Panama and the Canal  
Story of the Flag  
Story of Robert E. Lee  
Story of Joan of Arc  
Story of Nathan Hale  
Great European Cities  
Story of Belgium  
Rip Van Winkle  
Little Lame Prince  
The Golden Fleece  
The Miraculous Pitcher  
King of the Golden River



## VACATION READING

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# Fairy Fancies

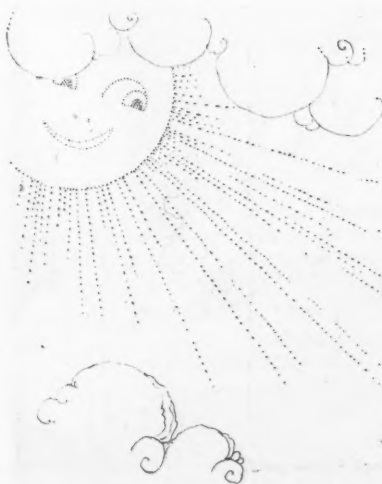


## JUST PRETENDING

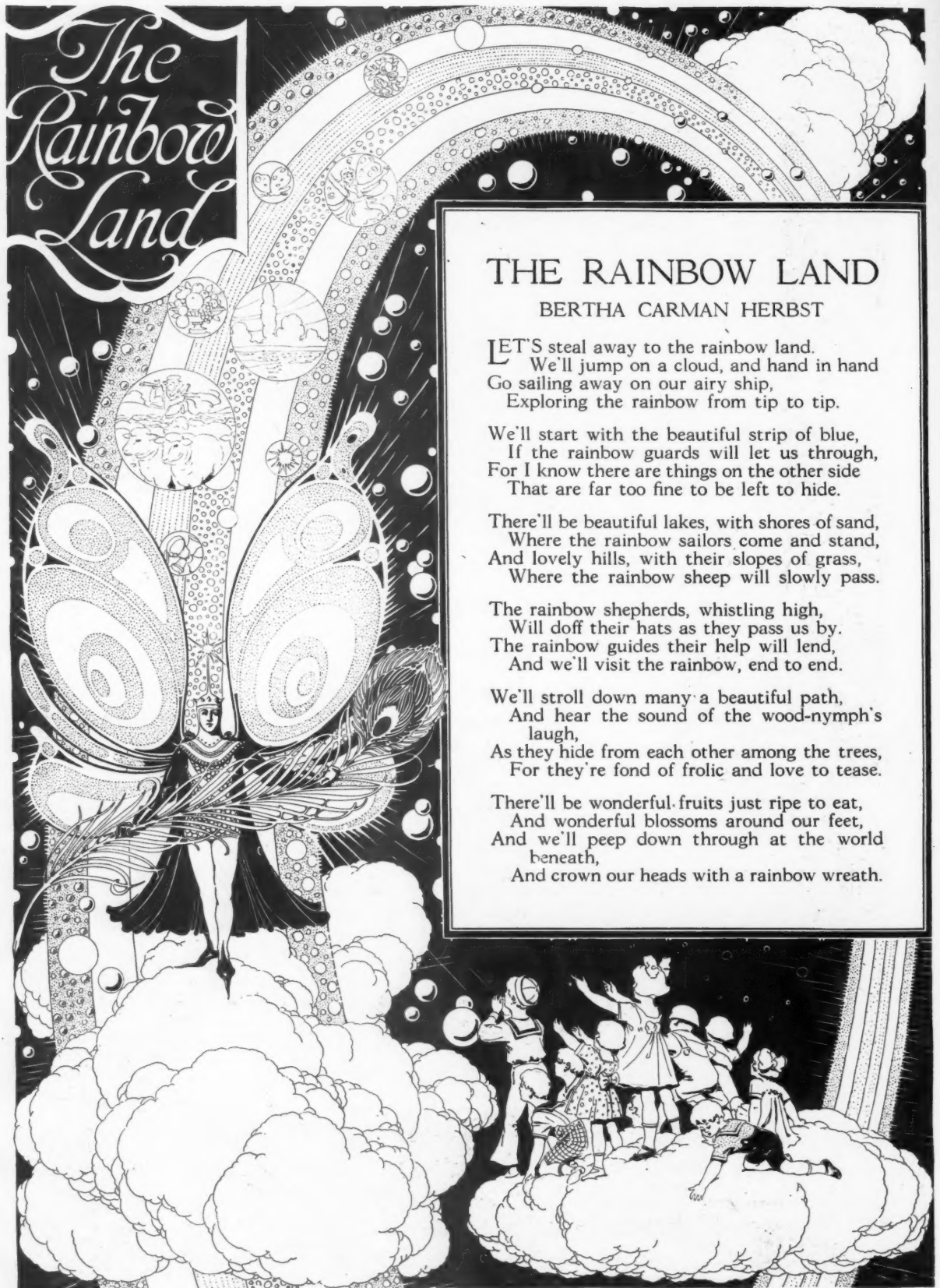
FLORENCE M. PETTEE

GO fasten a veil to a comet's tail,  
And sail for the limpid Moon,  
And live for a day  
On bubbles and whey,  
Dipped up by the Great Horn  
Spoon.

Go scatter a rose on a sunbeam's  
nose,  
For summer will vanish soon  
And wander an hour  
By the zigzag flower  
That whispers the bumblebee's  
tune.







## THE RAINBOW LAND

BERTHA CARMAN HERBST

LET'S steal away to the rainbow land.  
We'll jump on a cloud, and hand in hand  
Go sailing away on our airy ship,  
Exploring the rainbow from tip to tip.

We'll start with the beautiful strip of blue,  
If the rainbow guards will let us through,  
For I know there are things on the other side  
That are far too fine to be left to hide.

There'll be beautiful lakes, with shores of sand,  
Where the rainbow sailors come and stand,  
And lovely hills, with their slopes of grass,  
Where the rainbow sheep will slowly pass.

The rainbow shepherds, whistling high,  
Will doff their hats as they pass us by.  
The rainbow guides their help will lend,  
And we'll visit the rainbow, end to end.

We'll stroll down many a beautiful path,  
And hear the sound of the wood-nymph's  
laugh,  
As they hide from each other among the trees,  
For they're fond of frolic and love to tease.

There'll be wonderful fruits just ripe to eat,  
And wonderful blossoms around our feet,  
And we'll peep down through at the world  
beneath,  
And crown our heads with a rainbow wreath.

## THE WISHING SWING

ETHEL PARKE JONES

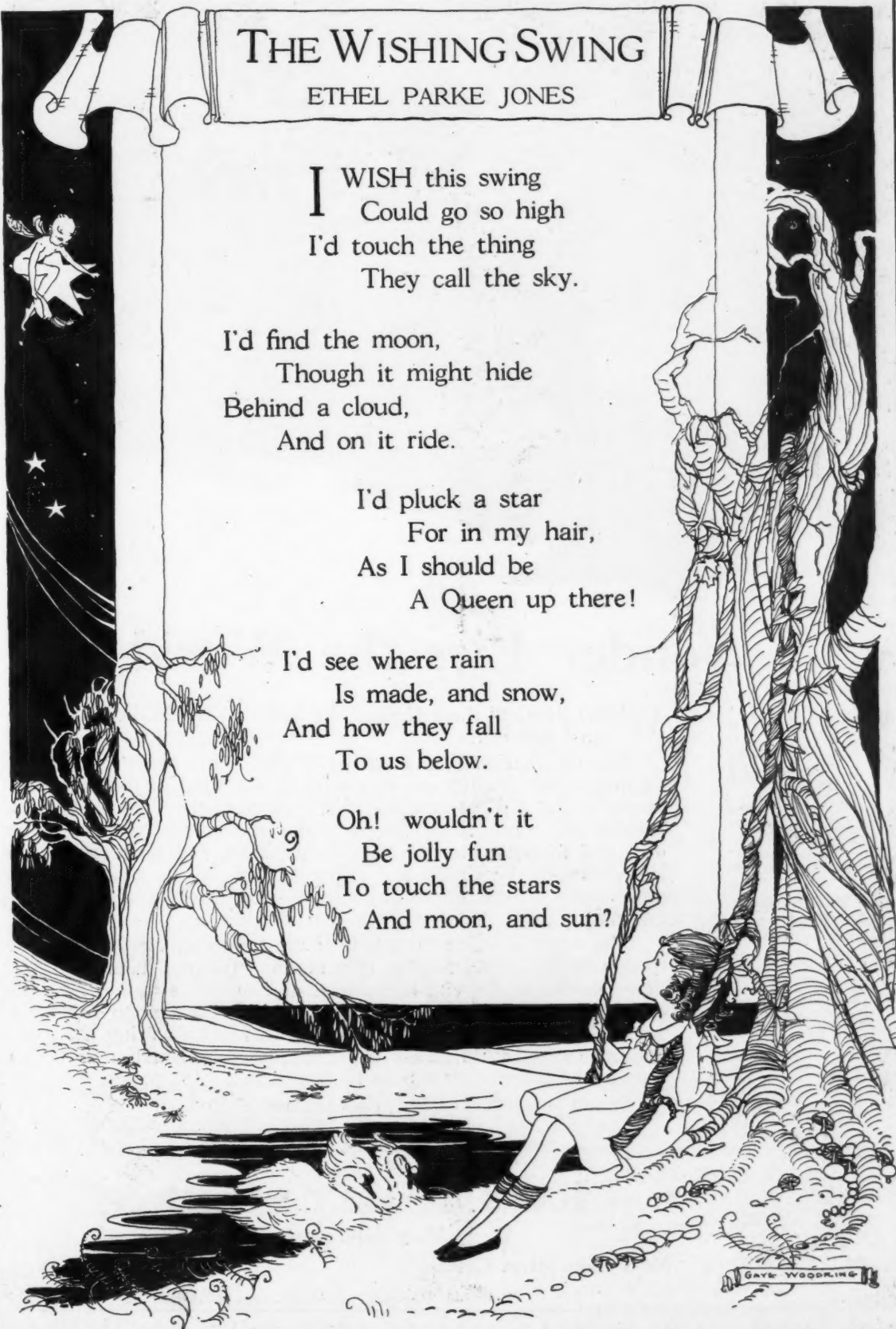
I WISH this swing  
Could go so high  
I'd touch the thing  
They call the sky.

I'd find the moon,  
Though it might hide  
Behind a cloud,  
And on it ride.

I'd pluck a star  
For in my hair,  
As I should be  
A Queen up there!

I'd see where rain  
Is made, and snow,  
And how they fall  
To us below.

Oh! wouldn't it  
Be jolly fun  
To touch the stars  
And moon, and sun?



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## THE STORY OF INDIAN CORN

By ELIZABETH GORDON

My dears! I know 'twould  
make you smile  
To see the Indian Fairies  
file

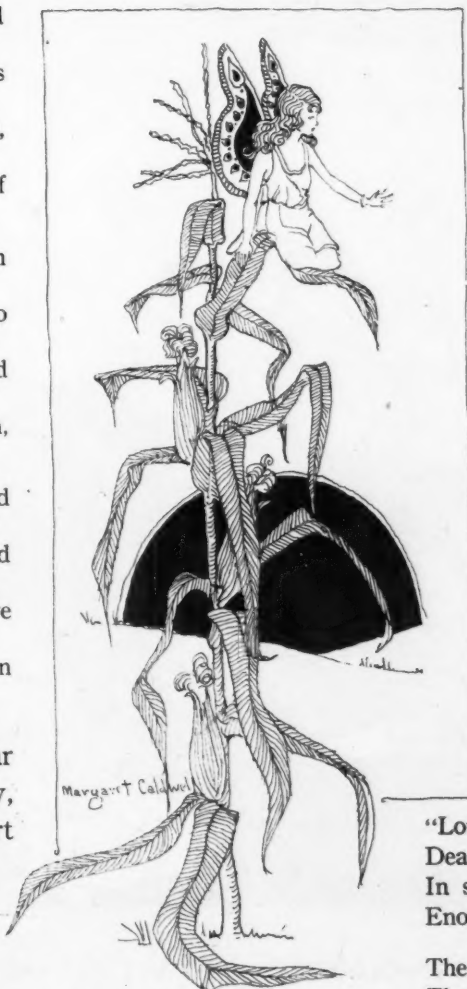
Through May-time nights,  
till dewy morn,  
Planting straight rows of  
Indian Corn.

Some plant the kernels, firm  
and sweet,  
That give us Early Corn to  
eat;  
Some flit along, serene and  
happy,  
Planting the Pop Corn,  
sweet and snappy.

While others plant the kind  
that makes  
The sweet old-fashioned  
Johnnycakes;  
Which little children love  
to eat  
With Maple Sugar, brown  
and sweet.

**W**HERE did I hear  
about it? Why,  
bless you, Heart  
o' the Corn, who is the  
Queen of the Indian  
Fairies, told me all  
about it *herself*!

When did I meet Heart o' the Corn?  
Listen! Come nearer! I met her one Har-



vest Moon-time, when I  
was listening to the whis-  
pering of the Indian  
Fairies who were helping  
the warm hearted little  
breezes to ripen the golden  
ears of corn before mis-  
chievous Jack Frost should  
blow his whistle.

She was perched high  
up on a slender stalk of  
corn, all in her little tan  
and green suit, with her  
pale yellowish-green silken  
hair blowing every *which*  
*way* in the breezes, and I  
wish you might have  
heard her tell the story  
in her lovely low husky  
sweet voice. It was some-  
thing like this:

"Long, long ago, in olden days,  
Dear Mother Nature planted maize  
In sunlit spots, with bounteous hand,  
Enough to feed a hungry land.

The Indian mothers came and brought  
The Indian children to the spot,  
Who loved, as children do today,  
With Indian corn husk dolls to play.

At supper time the family all  
Came 'round the fire, both great and small,  
Each roasted for himself an ear  
Of corn, and all was warmth and cheer.

"But," went on Heart o' the Corn, "the birds were hungry, too, and they came and ate the seeds before they had time to grow, just as Johnny Crow does to this day. And the wild horses and oxen and cows and the sheep and the goats, and ever so many more wild animals came miles and miles and miles through the forests to the open sun-lit places to get the sweet wild maize.

"And just because they did not know any better, they trampled the stalks under foot,

really did not know *what* in the world to *do*!"

What did they do? That was just what I wanted to know; so that is what I asked Heart o' the Corn to tell me.

"Do?" said she. "Since no one else knew what to do, of course the Indian Fairies found a way. Like this:

"They whispered in the Great Chief's ear,  
So softly that they made him hear,  
That they should lose their golden maize  
If they kept on such wasteful ways;

They called the wise men in, in bands,  
Who danced and sang and waved their hands,  
But nothing they could do or say  
Could keep those hungry beasts away.



and broke them to pieces, and crushed them into the earth; and the Red People who were depending upon the maize for their living

"And so," said Heart o' the Corn, "the Great Chiefs of every tribe listened to what the Fairies told them. And every one agreed

that the seeds of the maize must be gathered in the fall, and planted in the spring; and that it must be brought near to the homes of the people, because there the wild beasts could not come to destroy it.

"And that is why," continued Heart o' the Corn, "the ox and the cow and the horse and the sheep, who knew no better than to destroy the maize, must now come to man and do his work, in return for the corn which the Red Men saved."

Who changed the name of the maize and called it Indian corn? I wanted to know that also, and so I asked Heart o' the Corn, and this is what she said:

"One day, across the deep blue sea,  
With white sails flying wild and free,  
A Great White Chief, Columbus, came,  
Bringing Red Men another name.

"He thought, you see, that his ship had touched on the shores of India, and so he named us all Indians. Of course, he couldn't see Fairies—he wasn't that kind of man—but when he called the mortals Indians, that changed our name also, of course, and we've been Indian Fairies ever since. And our special work has always been to look after the Indian corn."

Why was the maize called Indian corn? Yes, I wondered about the name of Indian corn, too,

and so I asked Heart o' the Corn about that.

"It was called that," said Heart o' the Corn, "because those terribly old-fashioned folks from across seas called every sort of grain, 'corn,' just as they did in the old Bible times. And as they had never before seen any maize, they just called it Indian corn because they had found it in the fields of the Indians."

Did the Indians have butter to eat with their sweet corn? Now, do you know, children, I was just going to ask Heart o' the Corn about that very thing, when she flew away. Oh, *didn't* I say so? Why, *of course* she had wings. She was a *Fairy!* But I really don't *believe* they had butter, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit to learn also that they had no salt!

And so, whenever you are fortunate enough to have johnnycake and maple sirup for dinner, or sweet corn on the cob with melted butter for lunch, or corn flakes and cream for breakfast, or pop corn on a rainy afternoon, or have some Boston brown bread that fairly melts in your mouth, or one of the delicious corn meal puddings that mother makes,

I *know* that you will think lovingly of the Indian Fairies, who were so anxious that *all* little children, *red* and white, yes, and black, too, to have the best of *everything* to eat.





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AND  
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## SUMMERING

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

IN summertime my dolls and I  
Move out-of-doors when warm and dry.  
Our carpets then are moss and grass;  
A little pond, our looking glass.  
Our summer home is near a wood,  
And all the dolls are good as good.  
We furnish all our house, you know,  
With only things that near us grow.  
Of burdocks are the chairs and beds,  
With leaves for covers and for spreads.  
Our dishes are the summer kinds,  
And if they break, why, no one minds!  
Our plates are made of bark and stones.  
The candlesticks are made of cones.  
Our acorn cups and saucers, too,  
We throw away when we are through.  
Our teapots are the least bit odd,  
For each one is a poppy pod.  
With stems for handle and for spout—  
The covers never tumble out.  
And then we all sit down to dine,  
And have a meadow-salad fine.  
Our table is a stump that's flat,  
And there we spread out this and that.  
We wear long strings of daisies white,  
And sit up straight to be polite.  
Our earrings made of jewel weed,  
Are very beautiful, indeed.  
And all the dolls and I agree  
That out-of-doors is the place to be!



## THE WONDER-CHILD OF SALZBURG

By MAXINE DAVIS

**T**HAT you may know how long ago this story commences, let me tell you that it was in the days when pianos were small instruments, without the wonderful tones we find in pianos today, and were called clavichords.

It was one bright day in about the year 1762 that a tall, handsome man, with a kindly face, returned from church to his little home in the town of Salzburg, in Austria, accompanied by a friend.

"Woferl!" The man was calling his little son, for he wished him to meet his guest. But Woferl, as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was affectionately nicknamed, did not answer.

Leopold Mozart set about looking for the boy. He did not look long, for he found the youngster, very busy with pen and ink, in the living room. And what do you think he was doing?

"More sums?" his father asked, for he was curious, too. The child liked arithmetic better than pictures.

"No," responded Wolfgang, "I am writing a concerto for the clavichord. The first part is just finished."

Now Mozart was only six years old; so you will readily see why his father and his father's friend laughed heartily. "It must be something very fine, I dare say. Let us look at it!"

"Oh, no," protested the boy, "it isn't done

yet!" But Leopold took up the paper, smiling at the roughly scrawled notes and the untidy condition of the paper. You see, the young composer had continually blotted the paper and then wiped the blots away with the palm of his hand!

But as the father looked his smile faded, for he was a musician of no mean ability himself, and he saw here music and artistic ideas far beyond the years of his son. "Why, this is regularly and correctly written," he cried, "but nobody can play it because it is so difficult!"

"It's a concerto," reiterated Wolfgang. A concerto, you know, is a very advanced form of musical composition. "It must be practiced before it can be performed. It ought to go this way." And he tried to show how it should sound. But he was unable to give more than an idea, for it was written with a full score of accompaniments for an orchestra.

From the time when the little Wolfgang was very small indeed, his family felt that he was going to be a great musician. When he was only three years old, he used to sit listening to his father giving lessons upon the clavichord to his seven-year-old sister, Maria Anna. Every time he had a chance to strike the keys, he loved to do so, and finally his father began to give him lessons, too. And when he was four, he could remember

music he heard at concerts perfectly. You see, love will accomplish anything, and Wolfgang loved his music above everything else in the world, except his kind and wise father.

Of course, Leopold Mozart was very proud of his children, for Maria played remarkably herself, and so the news of his wonderful son and daughter was spread about, and invitations began to come to him, asking him to bring them to different courts. At last he decided to take them upon a concert tour.

How happy they were! And what lovely clothes were procured for them! Little Wofelr had a court suit of white, trimmed with gold cloth and gold lace and ruffles, and ornaments such as you never saw. And his sister had a frock of brocaded white taffeta that was exactly like that of an archduchess!

Then they started out on their journey. First they went to Munich, and from there they went to Vienna, the capital of Austria. Now the ruler of Austria, at that time, was a great and good empress named Maria Theresa. She loved music, and so she invited the Mozart children to come and play for her.

Wolfgang entered the room where the

empress sat, and instead of being awed and impressed by her, what do you think he did? He ran up and kissed her!

You see, Maria Theresa was such a kindly person, and smiled so cordially, the young musician forgot she was the empress and that he was, as regards rank, no-one-in-particular. And so he just jumped up on her lap. Maria Theresa liked to have him there, for Mozart was not no-one-in-particular—he was an artist!

Have you ever heard of the Queen Marie Antoinette? She was one of the loveliest young queens France ever had, but alas, she lived in very sad times. However, she had a very happy childhood, because she was a daughter of the empress, who so frequently forgot she was an empress and was just mother. And in those days she did not know the part she was



to play in the French Revolution.

Well, one day when Mozart was about to have an audience with the Ruler, he was being taken to her presence in company with the Princess Marie Antoinette. The room was big and impressive. And the floor was



very slippery, indeed. Of course, Wolfgang was looking about him very hard, as all of us would if we were in a royal palace, and he slipped! Then, quick as anything, the royal Princess caught him and helped him! After that the young musician forgot again the rank of his company, and only remembered that he was a little boy being helped up from a hard floor and a bad fall by a very nice girl, and so he said, impetuously, "You are good to me, and I'll marry you!"

When the Mozarts left the court of the kind empress, they traveled to England and to Holland, and finally to Italy. Leopold Mozart thought such trips an education for his children. How would you like to learn your geography that way? However, Wolfgang and Maria Anna didn't enjoy it as much as you would, because you see they hadn't studied their geography sufficiently to know where they were!

Italy at this time was the paradise of artists. Here music and paintings and beauty of all kind were fostered more than in any other country. And it was in Italy that the Mozart family was given the most enthusiastic reception. We are told that one day Wolfgang went into the Sistine Chapel

of the Vatican, the house where the Pope lives at Rome, to hear the beautiful music of the "Miserere." He was impressed by the music and was sorry to find, when he tried to obtain a copy of it, that it was printed for the papal musicians, and that no one else was allowed to have it.

Now Mozart wanted that music as much as you want to play baseball; so he returned to the chapel and listened to the double choir and memorized the difficult music. Then he went home and made a complete sketch of it. The next morning he returned with the copy hidden in his hat, and corrected it!

When it was noised about Rome that the music of the "Miserere" had been stolen, the people were very angry. But when the head musician of the chapel pronounced the copy absolutely correct, the princes and cardinals and all who loved music had such wondering admiration for Mozart that they entirely forgot to punish him!

And so Wolfgang Mozart grew to be a man. He wrote many, many lovely compositions, which we feel rank with the most beautiful music we have. But he was never quite

appreciated until after he died, for there were jealousies and conspiracies against his genius to be overcome. And musicians, no matter how great they were, had a hard time making a living.

He died when he was only thirty-five years old. But his life cannot be measured in terms of years. It must be counted in terms of serv-

ice, and then surely he was an old man! Many of his melodious symphonies, operas, concertos and sonatas still charm us. Two of his operas, "Don Giovanni" and the "Marriage of Figaro," you may hear during almost any opera season, and you surely know and love many of his simpler compositions.





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## THE MUSIC OUR NEW CITIZENS HAVE BROUGHT TO AMERICA

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

FATHER and Dick were moving the phonograph out on the piazza to be ready for the "Music Land" hour, when Doris interrupted them.

"I don't see what music we are to have for Fourth of July," she said. "We had all the music of the Revolutionary War on Washington's Birthday."

"You won't have to wait long to find out," replied Father. "But before we begin I want to ask if you know how we are planning to celebrate the Fourth of July this year?"

"Of course we do," replied both of the twins at once. "There is going to be a parade of all the new American citizens."

"Cousin Bob is going to march," said Mabel. "He is lucky to be twenty-one on July first, just in time to be counted as a new citizen."

"Otto, the florist, is going to march, too," said Dick. "He told me today that he got his citizenship papers last week."

"I saw Judge Brown today," said Father, "and he told me that there are new citizens from nearly every country in the world, who are to be welcomed into America here that day. They will march through the town singing their own patriotic songs until they reach the Court House steps, where we will all sing the songs of America and where the Pageant of the Declaration of Independence will be given."

"Oh, now I can guess what our music will be tonight," cried Doris clapping her hands.

"It will be the songs that our new citizens are bringing to us."

"Right you are, my little daughter," said Father, bending to kiss the eager upturned face. "I feel, as many other people do, that these new citizens of America bring us much of their own, which we should want to make our own. And their music is probably the most precious legacy that they bring to us."

"A great deal of the music that we know and love did come from other lands," said Mother. "I remember how my grandmother, who was born in Alsace, used to sing me the little songs of Germany and France that now we think of as being our own in this country."

"They are ours," replied Father, "just as much as the songs that the Colonists brought from England and Scotland during the seventeenth century. The only trouble has been that we have not learned to know these songs that have been coming into America and we have not been singing them in English. During the early days we made all the music that came here our own, but lately we have been referring to it as the music from Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, or some other land, and we have not taken the trouble to learn these songs and to make them American. So tonight let's get ready for Independence Day by learning some of these songs."

"I just love the Italian songs," said Mabel. "We sing some of those at school, and I think the twins sing some in their room, too."

"Well, if you already know those," replied



Father, "I will let each one of you choose the one you like best and sing it."

"All right, I'll choose 'Santa Lucia,'" said Mabel. "My teacher told us that is a very old song that is always sung on the Bay of Naples by the boatmen, and by the gondoliers of Venice."

"It is certainly very beautiful," replied Mother. "Father and I have heard it in both Naples and Venice, and some day you will, too."

"I choose 'Funiculi-Funicola,'" said Doris. "That is such a funny song. I wish I knew what it means."

"It is too bad your other wishes are not so easily granted, Doris," replied Father. "This song was written by an Italian composer named Denza, in 1880, when the funicular railroad was built to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. It represents merry-makers climbing to the mountain top on this little railroad."

"Well, my choice is 'Garibaldi's Hymn,'" said Dick. "I suppose that it was written for the great general, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Father. "It was written by Olivieri in commemoration of the great man, Garibaldi, who made Italy a united country. Some call it the 'Italian Marseillaise.'"

After the three songs had been sung, Father said, "The Greeks march in the parade right after the Italians; so we will sing their two songs next. They have two patriotic songs that are always sung as national hymns. One is very old and some say it was a war song of

ancient days. It became universally popular during the War of 1810 and Lord Byron made the translation that I will sing you. The other Greek song," continued Father, "is called 'The Hymn to Freedom.' It is a more modern song but it, too, reflects that love for liberty that the Greeks have always held, and that we in America also cherish. The last two lines ought certainly to show the spirit of the world now, 'Come to earth, oh wondrous freedom; ours the victory over might.'"

"Those are great," said Dick, admiringly.

"I think so, too," replied Father. "Yet I like this old Servian song almost as well."

Then Father sang "Rise, Servians," and added, "All the Slavic people have music that is very similar and all of them sing the 'Hymn of the Slavs,' although it has always been so very popular in Bohemia that we usually think of it as belonging exclusively to the Czecho-Slavs, who have adopted it as the national song of their new government. All these national songs are of the same general type and they inspire one because of their strong martial rhythms.

Of another type is a Bohemian air called 'Where is My Home?' It tells of the love of native land and reminds us of 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'"

"What kind of song do the Hungarians sing?" asked Mabel.

"They have a great many and it is interesting to see how much the syncopated rhythm is found in all the Hungarian airs, just as it is in the Slavic



tunes. It is curious, but all peoples who have had to live in political subjection seem to want to break over the rules of regular rhythm. We find the same thing among the Spanish gypsies and among the American negroes. Many of the Hungarian airs are known to us because Brahms, the great German composer, used them in his Hungarian Dances, and Liszt, the wonderful Hungarian pianist and composer, wove them into his marvelous Hungarian Rhapsodies. I shall sing you an old Hungarian song called 'The Heron,' which also has been set to patriotic words." After Father had finished this, he put on a roll of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14, so that the family could note how the simple theme had been made the basis of this great composition.

"Next in the parade come the Poles," said Mother, looking at the paper Judge Brown had given Father.

"They also have two stirring national anthems," said Father. "One is called 'God for Poland' and the other 'Poland's National Hymn.'"

"What Russian hymn do they use there now?" asked Mother.

"That is hard to say," replied Father. "The music of the old 'God Save the Czar' is very fine patriotic music, but of course, it is never sung in Russia today. In fact, the people have not been allowed to hear either the 'Marche Slav' or 'The Overture 1812' by Tschai-kowsky, since the Revolution, because the old hymn is used in both of those compositions. One of the modern composers named Gretchaninoff has written a 'Hymn

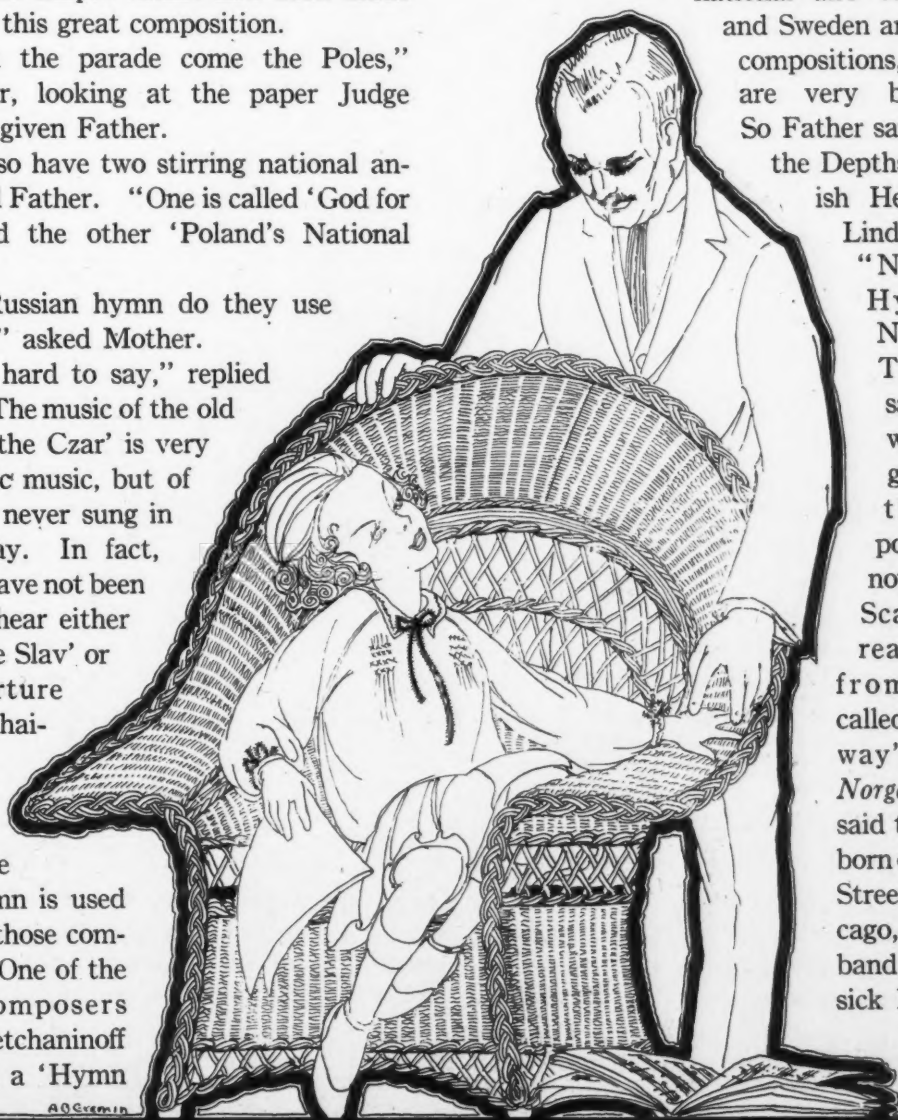
to Free Russia' but it has never become very popular. Some day I think new words will be written to 'God Save the Czar,' and then it will be universally sung again. There are two lovely old folk-songs of Russia that we are beginning to know and love in America. One is 'The Red Sarafan' and the other is 'The Song of the Volga Boatmen' that the men sing as they pull the heavy barges down the river. What group marches next?"

"The Scandinavians," replied Mother.

"Well then, we will sing first the song of Denmark, because that is the oldest and, I think, the most thrilling of the Norse songs," answered Father. "It is called 'King Christian' and it is a real battle song. Both the

national airs of Norway and Sweden are modern compositions, but they are very beautiful."

So Father sang "From the Depths of Swedish Hearts," by Lindblad, and "Norwegian Hymn" by Nordraak. Then he said, "You would never guess where the most popular song now sung in Scandinavia really came from. It is called 'Old Norway' (*Gamale Norge*) and it is said that it was born on Halsted Street in Chicago, among a band of homesick Norwegian immigrants!"



"We all know the German songs that will be sung, 'Augustin' and 'Du-Du.' And the recent war taught us the wonderful 'Brabanconne' of Belgium, which we came to know almost as well as the 'Marseillaise.' The soldiers of the American Legion are to lead the American boys and girls who have attained their citizenship this year, and they will march singing the 'March Lorraine,' which was the air that all the Allied Armies sang as they marched into Metz. It is one of the oldest airs of France and is ours by adoption. Then we will sing the national airs of America and we will close with 'America the Beautiful.'"

"The words of this lovely song were written by the poet Katharine Lee Bates, who was the head of the English department when I was a girl at Wellesley College," said Mother. "She used the tune of an old hymn called 'Materna.' It will be fitting to use this song as our closing number, because it certainly does make one realize the universal brotherhood of America."

"Music is most truly the universal language," said Father, as he said good-night.

"And aren't you glad that so much beautiful music we never knew about really does belong to us?" asked Dick of Doris, as they climbed up the stairs.

### AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

ONE of the most dignified and popular modern American patriotic songs is "America the Beautiful." The words are by Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English at Wellesley College, the music being the well known church hymn "Materna."

KATHARINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

*Moderato*

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain  
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern impassioned stress A thor-ough-fare for  
 3. O beau-ti-ful for heroes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their  
 4. O beau-ti-ful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain.— A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.— A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
 coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.— A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May  
 cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears.— A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea.  
 mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
 God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea.



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Present Chairman of Better Films Committee of the Woman's Aid*

ONE of the "Magics" of the motion picture world is that anything can be added, or anything can be left out of a story originally written for children, and there still remains a very wonderful film version.

In this story of "Snow-White," lovely light-footed fairies have been introduced, who open the first scene by appearing in a fairy glen. They speak of the sadness of the lovely young Queen, who is very lonely because she has no baby. They dance and sing, "Come, let us gather flowers white as snow, and use the magic that we know!" They dance on through the lacey woods into the glorious garden of the young Queen, whom they find asleep. They fill her arms with snow-white blossoms and when she awakens, she finds an adorable little baby in her arms instead of the flowers. She calls the baby Snow-White. The fairies see her great joy and they know that their work has been well done. They silently dance away to the home of the little dwarfs in the woods, whom

they tell of the Queen's great happiness. The fairies and dwarfs make a vow that Snow-White shall always be protected by them.

Now, another "Magic" about motion pictures is that in a wink of an eye they can skip seven long years, for lo and behold, in the next scene, Snow-White is seven years old, and oh, so pretty! This does not please the new and wicked Queen, who has taken the place of Snow-White's mother. We



see her speaking to her mirror,

Oh, Mirror, Mirror on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?

And the Mirror replies,

Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen.  
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.

This enrages the Wicked Queen, as the motion picture clearly shows. We next find her in the Witch's cave, where a great owl and a fat toad keep her amused. The Witch gives the Wicked Queen a powder and some dreadful advice. On account of the watchfulness



of the Fairies, the powder does no harm, and the Wicked Queen is next shown commanding a huntsman to take Snow-White far into the forest and to come back without her. We see poor little Snow-White begging the Huntsman to do her no harm. A dove flies down to the Huntsman's feet and tells him that if Snow-White will send her dress back to the Wicked Queen with the blood of the dove upon it, the Queen will believe that Snow-White will never return. As the dove is really a fairy, this does not hurt her. The Queen is then seen receiving the dress with great joy.

In the meantime Snow-White wanders through black forests, and it becomes darker and darker. There is a storm, and the lightning flashes in a very real fashion. She is very much frightened, and we are glad when she finds the dwarfs' little hut on the side of a mountain. She enters and finds upon the white tablecloth seven little plates and seven little spoons, knives, and forks. There are also seven little mugs. You remember then how Snow-White takes a taste of food out of each plate and a sip out of each mug. She is very hungry, but she does not want to deprive anyone of an entire meal! She enters the next room and finds some cunning little beds. None of these beds are comfortable, as Snow-White tries them out one by one. The last one, however, is better than the rest, although Snow-White finds no room to tuck in her two small feet. At least, the motion picture shows it that way.

As Snow-White lies sleeping, the little dwarfs come home from their day's work in the mines. They are very much distressed to find that everything is not in the order in which they had left it in the morning. Of course, you remember all their cries of, "Who has been doing this?" and, "Who has been doing that?" They do this all in the motion picture version and finally find her asleep in the next room. The seven tiny boys who take the part of the seven dwarfs

are just the most natural lot of dwarfs you can imagine. They limp and totter around like little old men two or three hundred years old, for, of course, you know that dwarfs live to a splendid old age. Snow-White is next seen waving good-bye to the little dwarfs as they start out to their work. She has told them that she will be the "Little Mother" and will keep house for them. They leave with many smiles and happy waves of small hands.

Now we see the Wicked Queen telling Prince Paul that he cannot marry Snow-White as she has been lost and will never return. Prince Paul doubts this, and doubt also creeps into the heart of the Wicked Queen. She again goes to the mirror and finds that,

Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen;  
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.  
Amid the forest, darkly green,  
She lives with dwarfs, the hills between.

The Queen at once darkens her skin, dresses like a gypsy, and carries a number of sparkling necklaces and ribbons with her to peddle at the home of the dwarfs. We see her at the door of the dwarfs' hut. Snow-White has promised the dwarfs that she will allow no one to enter, but she is so delighted with the attractive necklaces and ribbons that she invites the wicked Queen into the home of the dwarfs. Snow-White tries on one of the necklaces, which then becomes smaller and smaller. She finally lies down very quietly, and the Wicked Queen quickly leaves the hut. The dwarfs come hurrying home to their beloved Snow-White that evening, and find her lying very still. They call the fairies to their help and Snow-White is soon revived, as the fairies break the necklace which has seemed to make Snow-White breathless. There is great rejoicing and they dance out into the night. Just before dawn, the fireflies give a grand ball, and at day-break, they all fade away into the soft light of the morning.





The Wicked Queen, whose conscience makes her very restless, goes to her mirror once more. She asks the same question and the honest mirror makes the same reply. Again we see the Wicked Queen preparing to visit the dwarfs' home. This time she is gorgeously dressed as a fruit vendor. She induces Snow-White to eat half an apple while she eats the other half. Snow-White does not know that her half has been poisoned. In the picture you see her take a tiny bite, and the next moment she has fallen to the floor. The Wicked Queen, with a horrid laugh, rushes out of the door.

This time the fairies, whom the dwarfs have again called on for help, are not so successful in bringing Snow-White back to consciousness. After great sorrowing, they place her in a glass case, where they can

always see her, for her cheeks are red and her wonderful black hair glistens in the sunlight.

The scene following shows Prince Paul finding Snow-White in the glass case. He begs the dwarfs to let him take her back to

his castle, for he has always loved her and will go on loving her. They finally consent. The Huntsmen who have accompanied the Prince in his search for Snow-White carry her in her glass case back towards the castle. Happily, one of the men stumbles and the piece of apple,

which Mr. Grimm tells us was lodged in her throat, becomes loosened and Snow-White sits up, and is overjoyed to see Prince Paul.

Like all true fairy tales, this one ends as it should. They were married and lived happily forever after, for the dwarfs have told us so.



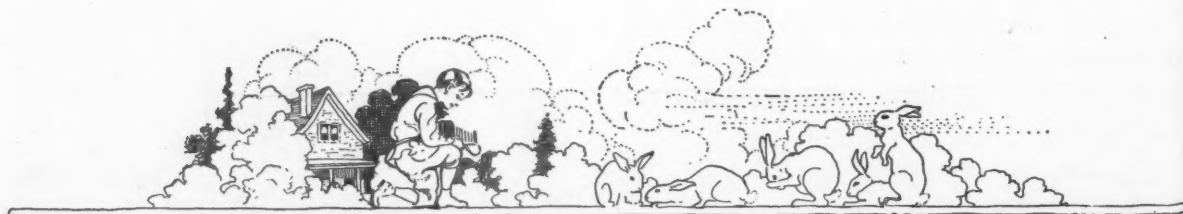
Pictures through courtesy of EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION OF AMERICA

## STORY TIME

ANNE M. HALLADAY

WHEN late at night the lamps are lit,  
And 'round the fire the family sit,  
I go to mother with my book,  
Then at the pictures we will look,

Until some fairy tale we find,  
And then mama is very kind;  
She reads them all to me at night,  
As we rock there beneath the light.





## PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

### OUR FLAG

*Historical pageant of the Stars and Stripes produced at the Children's Civic Theatre, Chicago, under the general direction of Bertha L. Iles*

Written and directed by GERTRUDE H. McDONALD

#### CHARACTERS

TWO HERALDS OF TIME	LIEF THE LUCKY, A Norseman	FRENCH GENTLEMEN
FOREST SPIRITS	NORSEMEN	COLONIAL FLAG BEARERS
SEA FOAM MAIDENS	THREE NORSE FATES	HONOR DAYS FOR THE FLAG
INDIAN MAIDENS AND BRAVES	SPANISH EXPLORERS	BOY SCOUT with COLOR GUARD
HOPE	DUTCH TRADERS	AMERICA
FOUR WILL O' THE WISPS	ENGLISH COLONISTS with Children	LIBERTY

**SETTING:** Near some hillside forest and on the ocean shore of the New World—America.

**TIME:** This covers the different scenes when Old World flags and their peoples landed on the New World; from the Norsemen, the earliest explorers, under the standard of the Black Raven to the time the Stars and Stripes wave over America.

**INTRODUCTION:** Trees right, left, and background with bushes, vines, and moss covered rocks. The foreground is the sandy shore of the ocean. Two Heralds of Time enter first, one from each side, meet in the center and march to the front where they, dressed in white, green, and silver, blow a blast on their silver trumpets. Slowly from the forest emerge Forest Spirits and dance, flitting here and there until they chance upon some sleeping Sea Foam Fairies who leap up and join the Forest Fairies in a mad dance. This dance stops suddenly at a noise in the forest. The Fairies, hand in hand, softly glide into the bushes. Out from the forest Indian maidens creep and look to the left with intense interest. Soon Indian braves rush on in great excitement and talk to the maidens, pointing in the direction from which they came. All back into the forest, looking oceanward to see what is coming. Hope, a maiden in white, with a silver star on her forehead, floats into sight accompanied by her four Will o' the Wisp attendants, dressed in crimson and gold. Hope stands high on a central rock.

**HOPE:** A great nation here to the stars shall arise;

Its glory and splendor shall unfold to the skies.

Under a standard the noblest of all Tyranny, oppression, and injustice shall fall.

Many strange flags shall touch here with their fame

Till the greatest of all is born to the name—

#### THE STARS AND STRIPES

#### SCENE I. THE COMING OF THE VIKINGS

**HOPE** (*Commanding her Will o' the Wisps*): Go forth and lead on those travelers who, even now I see, are sailing near these shores.

[*The WISPS disappear and soon return, dancing backward and beckoning on some boatmen, who draw up a boat and step forward, carrying shields and spears. They are followed from the boat by three strange shapes in misty gray veils.*]

**HOPE:** Hail, travelers! Who are you, and from whence do you come?

THE LEADER: A viking bold am I, Lief the Lucky, a Norseman from out the land of ice and snow of Greenland far away. Here I plant our banner—the Black Raven on white.

HOPE: Who are these three strangers with you? Tell us the names of these three strangers who seek our shores.

LIEF THE LUCKY: These are the three Norse fates, Wird, Verdandi, and Skald—the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Here they shall remain when we sail away.

LIEF THE LUCKY (To his men): Let us leave a cairn to mark our passing. Bring stones and pile them into the shape of a boat and into the center of this cairn let each man place something dear to him and all shall be covered with heavy rocks.

[The men build the cairn near some bushes and rocks.]

LIEF THE LUCKY: I put in my bracelet of gold set with rubies.

FIRST BOATMAN: I place here the bronze tip of my spear.

SECOND BOATMAN: I put in the chain from around my neck.

THIRD BOATMAN: My shield I leave here.  
[Taking the boat, all depart, following the BLACK RAVEN banner.]

HOPE (Speaking to the three Fates): Wird, you, the Past, shall become Vision and be the one who sees things from afar.

[Past throws off her gray veil and is dressed in brightest rose color with flowing veil from forehead.]

HOPE: Verdandi, you, the Present, shall become Opportunity. She calls to those who would venture to the New World.

[PRESENT throws off her veil, and is dressed in palest green with golden wreath about her head and golden girdle about her waist.]

HOPE: Skald, you, the Future, shall be Amer-

ica, the light of the world. But it is not time for you to throw off your veil. You and I wait.  
[HOPE and AMERICA disappear into the forest.]

## SCENE II. THE LANDING OF THE SPANIARDS

VISION: I see certain Spaniards who are at this moment setting forth upon a mighty journey, seeking, ever seeking. Will o' the Wisps, bring these seekers before us.



[The WISPS dance lightly out and return, beckoning on the SPANIARDS whose leaders carry the royal red and yellow banner of Spain, and the personal flag of the king and queen, which is a white field with cross and crown of gold upon it.]

COLUMBUS (the leading Spaniard): I unfurl above this new soil the royal standard of Spain and take this land in the name of our king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabella. We have discovered a new route to India.

[As he speaks, natives come from the forest and kneel before the SPANIARDS. Noticing these, COLUMBUS adds:]

And these I shall name Indians, as inhabitants of this fair land.

[The SPANIARDS march on and are lost in the distance.]

VISION: They sought a new route to India but found a new land instead.

OPPORTUNITY: It is now time to summon traders and colonists from the Old World to gather the riches of the new.

## SCENE III. THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUTCH TRADERS, THE ENGLISH COLONISTS AND THE FRENCH

[A group of DUTCH TRADERS enter, followed by a number of DUTCH CHILDREN. The DUTCH LEADER carries a beautiful shield of white edged with blue and on it the raised figure of a beaver in blue, and about the figure bars and markings of orange.]



**DUTCH LEADER:** We have heard your call and come to this new land for its furs. Under this standard of the Dutch West India Company we will establish fur trading posts. Give us of your best and we shall penetrate to the farthest inland waters.

[**OPPORTUNITY** waves her hand toward the forest and out come the **INDIANS**, heavily laden with furs which they lay before the **DUTCH TRADERS**. As they barter at one side, giving beads and trinkets to the **INDIANS** in exchange for furs, the **DUTCH CHILDREN** join hands by twos and begin to dance round about in a circle with a clump, clop, clop of their wooden shoes. They swing, then balance face to face and end with a mighty clop, clop, clop. They run off followed by the **DUTCH TRADERS**, bearing their furs.]

[**BRITANNIA**, the mother country, enters, and strides in majesty upon the shore.]

**BRITANNIA:** Follow on, Englishmen! Here establish your colonies, for here we shall live forever. Settle all these lands and gather their riches. I shall govern you from the home land. You shall now make merry.

[The **BRITISH FOLLOWERS** stand to one side under their flag of the Union Jack, as a line of children, dressed in delicate shades of pink, blue, and green, with garlands of flowers on their heads and about their waists, come in, carrying a Maypole hung with ribbon streamers.]

**BRITANNIA** takes her stand in the center and holds the pole as the children wind in and out around her in the Maypole dance. As the children leave, **BRITANNIA** stands on high at the right. The music of "Yankee Doodle" plays faintly in the distance, then louder and louder until three badly frightened boys slink onto the scene. In deadly fear, they keep looking over their shoulders. They seem to be hunting a place to hide when they see **OPPORTUNITY**, toward whom they hurry.]

**THE THREE COLONIES:** Help us, we pray!

Set us free from our evil oppressors.

**OPPORTUNITY:** I hear your cry. Hope, America, and Liberty will come to your aid.

[These three come, **HOPE** in white, **AMERICA** in her gray veil, and **LIBERTY** also in gray. **AMERICA** ascends to the high center and throws off her veil. She is resplendent in drappings of red, white, and blue. **LIBERTY** unveils and is shown in brilliant blue with white stars.]

**AMERICA** (*Speaking to the COLONIES and pointing to LIBERTY*): You are my own, and Liberty shall be your friend. You have tried hard to help yourselves; so now do I help you. What have you there?

**FIRST COLONY** (*Unfurls a flag he has pressed against his breast*): This is my Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts. This is the flag carried at the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775.

**SECOND COLONY** (*Unfurling his flag*): This is the Rattlesnake flag with the snake coiled to strike. It has the warning to the mother country, "Don't tread on me."

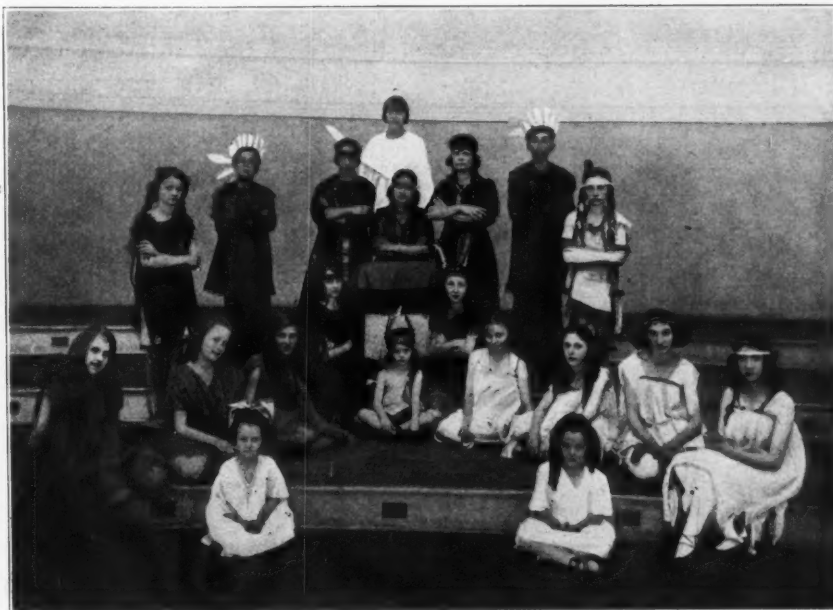
**THIRD COLONY** (*Unfurling his flag*): This is the first official flag of the United Colonies, red and white stripes with the Union Jack.

**BRITANNIA** (*Speaking in great anger*): Begone, all you rebellious children! I shall be supreme.

**FRENCHMAN** (*Who has entered as BRITANNIA speaks*): What harsh words do I hear? No

longer, Britannia, are these children, but people grown to govern themselves. In their service, I draw this sword under this flag of France. You now give up your power.

[**BRITANNIA** departs with scowl and haughty mien.]



AMERICA (*To Frenchman*): We thank you and you shall always be our friend.

[*Thirteen girls in white with blue shoulder drapes dance on, and into a perfect circle then turn and on the field of blue are thirteen stars for the original thirteen United Colonies. Into the center of this circle of stars comes, with measured step, a BOY SCOUT bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes with color guard accompanying.*]

AMERICA (*Quoting George Washington*): "Our flag. We take the star from heaven, and the red from our mother country. The white stripes show that we have

separated from the mother country. These white stripes will go down to posterity representing liberty."

[*All the nations come on, and group themselves to right and left of the flag group.*]

#### SCENE IV. ALL HONOR TO OUR FLAG

AMERICA: We have special days to honor our flag. Let these come forth.

[*A boy dressed like LINCOLN walks to center and salutes the flag.*]

AMERICA: Abraham Lincoln, our foremost man of light in the darkness of the world.

[*A boy in WASHINGTON costume stands at attention before the flag.*]

AMERICA: George Washington, the father of our country, the establisher of our liberty.

[*A girl in white draped in many flower wreaths comes with a basket of flowers in her hand.*]

AMERICA: Memorial Day, the day we honor with remembrance our beloved dead who have died under the folds of this flag that we might have peace and happiness.

[*A wee girl dressed in flags and with flag streamers in each hand makes a courtesy to the large flag.*]

AMERICA: Flag Day on June 14th is a special day of honor for this guardian of our homes, this flag whose stars and stripes stand for purity, truth and union.

[*A boy in overalls salutes the flag.*]

AMERICA: A day all labor honors our flag.

[*A small girl in flag dress dances on, waving some ribbons and streamers in red, white, and blue; then salutes gaily and smartly the large center flag.*]

AMERICA: Hail, Fourth of July! On this day we celebrate the

liberty of the United Colonies. This is the day on which a new star is added to the flag after a new state has been admitted to the Union.

[*A number of the English and Dutch children come forward to the flag and give the pledge of foreign children to the Stars and Stripes.*]

FOREIGN CHILDREN: We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts and our sacred honor to love and to protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever.

THE BOY SCOUT (*Speaks for YOUNG AMERICA*): I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.

[*All the groups march off with joyous step to the music of SOUSA'S "Stars and Stripes Forever" march, and then, as all disappear, the BOY SCOUT with color guard marches off to the strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."*]





## TAP THE CAN

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—"The Play Man"

JACK was certainly a surprised boy. His eyes didn't exactly stick out of his head, for eyes don't do that, but his mouth was open and he could hardly believe what he saw. He stared hard, then called to Bert, who ran around the corner of the house to see what had excited his chum. It really was an amazing sight. Down the road came the two clever little ponies belonging to Toppo, the world famous clown. Behind the ponies was the little cart that was usually occupied by Toppo when he drove through the town to the market or depot. Had Toppo occupied the driver's seat the boys would have been interested, for they had become very fond of Toppo and they loved the gentle little ponies.

But Toppo wasn't driving the ponies!

There on the driver's seat, holding the reins proudly, was Jack's own sister Carol. Beside her, and just as proud, was Bert's sister, Elizabeth. And they were all alone, driving both ponies right down Main Street!

It was just about the most thrilling thing that had happened since the boys had discovered that the little man who owned the ponies was once a famous circus clown and had retired from circus life and had come to live in their own town. He was very kind to the boys, and let them come up to the

little shop in back of his house and watch him as he made and painted the toy animals that were sent to the big city to be sold. He was so cheerful and funny that he had won a place in the hearts of all the youngsters. He knew many delightful games and really liked to teach them to the boys and girls.

Jack was almost too surprised to talk, but when Bert joined him, he did think the event required more of an audience and he called, "Mother, come here quick!"

Mrs. Randolph came to the door in time to see Carol stop her team with a vigorous "whoa" in front of the house. She didn't seem half as much astonished as Jack and Bert, but smiled at the boys' questions.

"How did you get Spic and Span? Did Mr. Toppo really let you take the ponies? Where are you going? How did he happen to let you drive out all alone?" The questions came excitedly from both boys.

"Perhaps you had better ask just one question, dear," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, "I'm sure Carol can tell you all about it."

"Well, you know all of this week you and Bert have been building that shack out in the orchard," explained Carol. "You wouldn't let us help; so Elizabeth and I have been taking a walk every afternoon. We have been going up to see Mrs. Toppo and





she has been letting us play with Spic and Span. We rode around the yard on their backs, and it isn't hard at all, and its more fun than anything! Mr. Toppo showed us how to drive, and mother knew about it, for she came up one day and Mr. Toppo told her it was perfectly safe."

"Well, can you beat that!" exclaimed Bert. "Here we have been out nailing up a shack and these kids have been driving *real* horses!"

"And they are younger than we are, too," was all that Jack could say. "And I never drove even one pony."

"I guess the girls got the best of it this time, boys," said Mrs. Randolph, patting Jack on the shoulder, "but Carol and Elizabeth are on an errand that I am sure will interest you. It is Mary Emily's birthday and, for a surprise, all of the girls in her grade in school are going up to Mr. Toppo's and play games. She doesn't know that they are all going—and she doesn't know that Carol and Elizabeth are driving down to get a big freezer of ice cream for the party."

"Why, we didn't know that there was to be a party. Is it just for girls?" asked Jack.

"You can cheer up, Jackie, boy," replied his mother, "while it is really a Mary Emily party, I am sure that they will need you and Bert and a few more of the boys to help eat all of the ice cream."

This cheered the boys greatly. They ran into the house, and by the time Elizabeth and

Carol returned with the ice cream they were on the sidewalk. Jack had a chocolate cake which Mrs. Randolph had baked.

With Jack marching beside Spic, and Bert beside Span, Carol proudly drove the pretty team back to the home of Toppo.

While Mr. Toppo taught the boys how to unharness, Mrs. Toppo and the girls went indoors to prepare Mary Emily's surprise.

Mary Emily knew, of course, that it was her birthday, but she didn't know that the happy crowd of boys and girls that greeted her were assembled to celebrate the event. When she came and found all of her school friends in Toppo's yard she was very happy.

After she had been congratulated, Toppo made a speech. He said, "Mary Emily, it is very wonderful to have a birthday and we all hope that you will live ten times as long as you have already lived and be a little bit happier when each new birthday comes along. You are ten years old and I am going to make you the Birthday Queen."

Toppo then produced a crown made of gold-covered cardboard and placed it on Mary Emily's head.

"Now, Queen Mary Emily, we are all your loyal subjects until the sun goes down."

The boys and girls, led by Jack, cheered their new queen.

Toppo then formed the group in a circle and taught them the new game that he said was a special one for the Queen's Birthday.

The little clown had a pail and it was the

funniest pail that any of them had ever seen, for it had a comical face painted on it. While they wondered what the pail was for, Toppo told them all how to play the game.

"It is called 'Tap the Can,'" he said, "and is really a new kind of blindfold game. This pail is the blindfold and

I am sure your parents will agree that it is much cleaner and nicer than a handkerchief for that purpose. Look, now I can't see a thing," he added, as he placed the pail over his head.

Toppo then selected Bert to be "It" in the first game of "Tap the Can." Bert stood in the center of the circle with the decorated pail over his head. Mary Emily and Elizabeth were also told to enter the circle.

"The object of the game," said Toppo,

"is for the blindfolded player to try and catch one of the two players who are free in the circle. You two girls must try and avoid being caught, but to make the game real interesting you must give the can a rap every now and then.

"But when you tap the can," he continued, "you must get away quickly or Bert will catch you. If he does catch one of you, then

the one caught will be "It," and the catcher takes his place in the circle and the one to the right of him in the circle becomes one of the can tappers."

The game started, and Bert plunged around inside the circle, grabbing at empty spaces where he thought

he would find the elusive Mary Emily or Elizabeth. They cleverly dodged him, though they had many narrow escapes. At last Elizabeth became too daring and was caught just after she had given the pail a vigorous rap. Then she was "It," and Bert joined the circle.

It was a happy, merry crowd of youngsters, and every one had been in the circle several times when Mrs. Toppo called them.

And all had pretty good

appetites for the ice cream and cake.

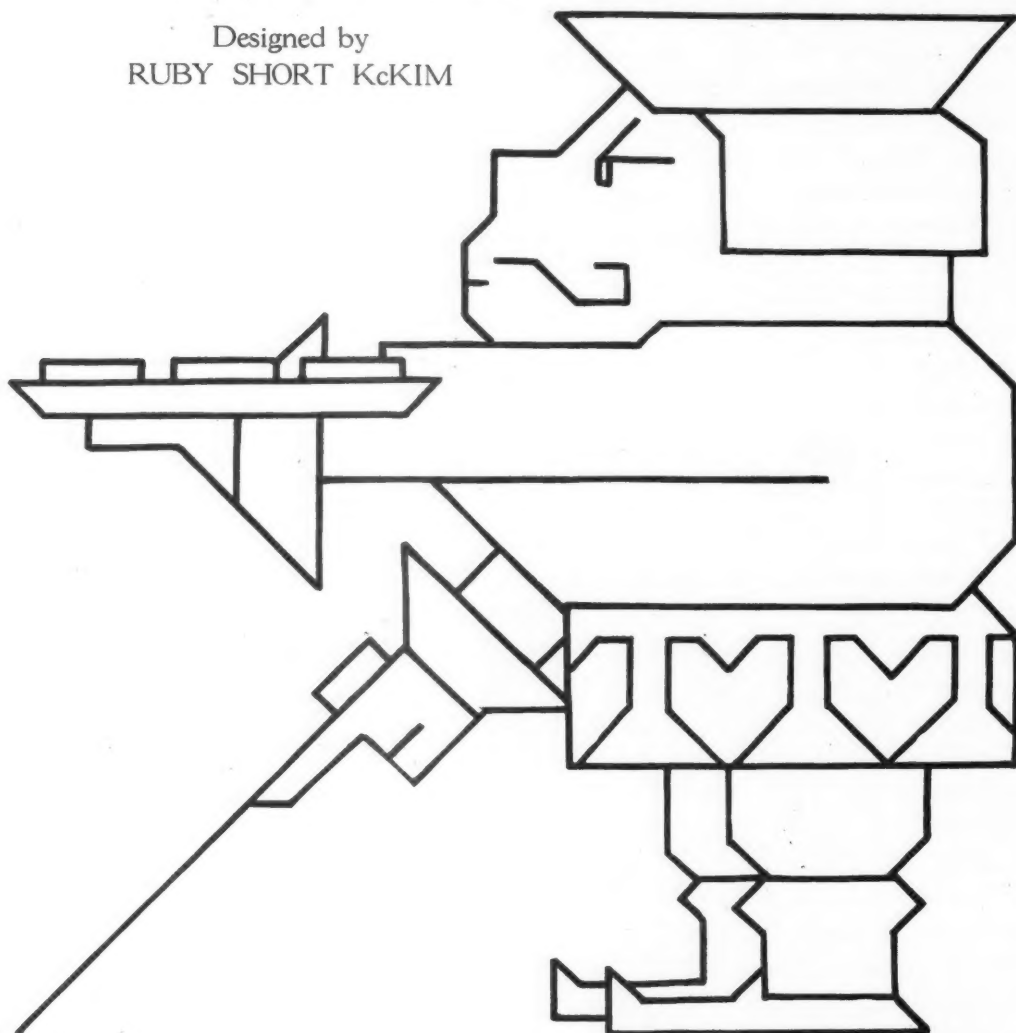
"I don't see why you call that game 'Tap the Can,'" said Jack, "unless can is another name for pail."

"That just shows how old names stick," replied Toppo. "You see, we played this game in the old circus days. The coffee for the circus would come in big cans and it was a coffee can that we used for the game."



# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 11

Designed by  
RUBY SHORT KcKIM



**T**HIS is the Knave of Hearts who was supposed to have stolen the Queen's tarts upon a summer day, but folks in Wonderland never did find out whether he were a real thief or not. They had a most elaborate trial with everybody for witnesses, a box full of little animals for jury, and the sentence before the verdict. The Knave may be a bit hard to trace with his fancy clothes and cane and tarts, but that is the way a Knave of Hearts looks; so let's make a pretty block of him.

To change the drawing into a quilt block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or

black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon to the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough squares for a child's quilt.



# UNCLE CHARLEY—The Texas Wild Cat

*Further adventures of the Enee, Menee, Mynee, Mo Family*

By WILL PENTE

UNLESS you have stood in one spot for a couple of hours in the broiling Fourth of July sun in San Antonio, Texas, waiting for a parade to start, you will wonder how the "Texas Wild Cat" could possibly have fallen asleep in broad daylight.

Charles Jackson, known throughout the colored regiment during the war as the "Texas Wild Cat," was woefully tired. Since the war Charley had been a bell boy at the Officers' Club, but today he had put on his service uniform, "tin derby," and all, and was patiently waiting for the parade to begin.

One lesson Charley had well learned in France, and that was to make the best of things as he found them. Therefore, when his eyes refused to stay open, Charley made himself comfortable on the curb with his back against a telegraph pole and snoozed.

Most of the folks around about looked at the sleeping Charley and grinned. But just then Charley was again fighting the war in France, and before him stood Captain Tom Nichols.

"Don't bother to get up, Wild Cat," said the Captain, as Charley attempted to rise. "I've come to tell you that General Pershing has picked you out to finish this war."

"Man," said Charley, "de General should a-done dat long ago. I'se a wild cat when it comes to fightin'. Ah kin—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Captain Nichols, "but we've been waiting for a new bomb. It's ready now—"

"Whar am dat bomb, Captain Tom?" inquired Charley, anxious to get started.

"Not so fast," answered Captain Nichols. "I've sent Nobody to headquarters for it and when Somebody gets here Everybody will go with you three and help you blow up the works."

"Does yoh mean de whole crowd is going?" asked Charley, thinking of the entire army.

"Oh, no, just you four," replied Captain Nichols. "You alone couldn't manage that big bomb. You'll have to have Somebody—he's that big fellow over there—to help you carry it."

Looking in the direction in which the Captain pointed, Charley saw a powerful man carrying one end of something which looked more like a watermelon than a bomb.

"Captain Tom," shouted Charley, jumping to his feet, "if dat's mah peacemaker Ah'll go alone."

"No, you shan't," snapped Everybody.

"Let him go, Captain," said Nobody. "I'll stay here."

"Come, come, boys! If there is any fighting to be done, let the Wild Cat do it!" shouted Captain Nichols.

Thus encouraged, Charley braced his feet on the soft ground and wound his long arms around the bomb, muttering, "Kin de Wild Cat tote dis bomb? General Pershing shore picked out de right man fo dis job!"

Boom! Boom!

Boom, Boom, Boom!

"Here they come! Here they come!" shouted Everybody as the parade started.

The boom, boom, boom, of the drum struck Charley's ears like the bursting of a thousand shells, and when he heard Somebody shout, "Let 'em have it, Wild Cat!" Charley sprang to his feet, and with a mighty effort hurled his bomb towards the enemy, and ZOWIE!

IT

LANDED

RIGHT INTO THE BIG BASE DRUM!

"Wild Cat," said Sergeant Bacon, as Charley rubbed his eyes and gathered himself out of the dust where an enraged drummer had cast him, "Ah axed yoh to take care ob mah melon; not ruin it!"

# UNCLE CHARLIE THE TEXAS WILDCAT

DESIGNED AND PATENTED BY  
WILL PENTE



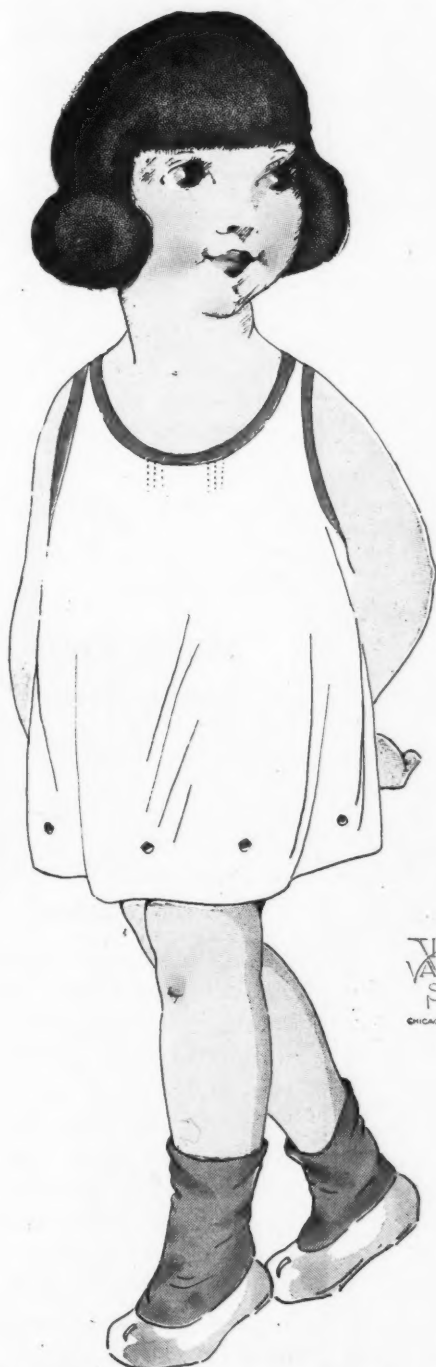
## DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING

### "BEST OF ALL" Cut Out Toys

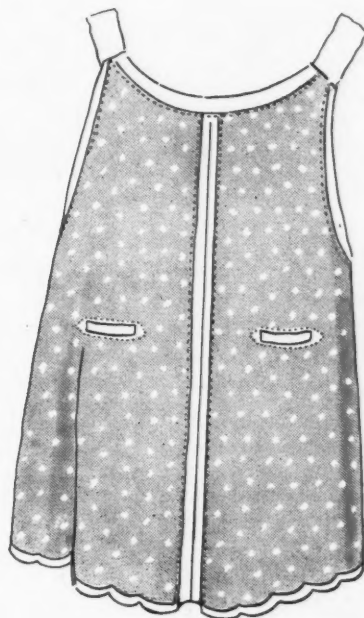
**B**EFORE cutting out Uncle Charley, paste him with library paste on heavy paper; the cover of an old magazine is just the thing. His soldier suit and helmet need not be mounted, but will last longer if pasted on thin paper. When thoroughly dry score the dotted lines and trim around the black outlines. Cut into the lines on the bases to make the locks. Fold over on the dotted line on Charley's head, then the dotted lines on the bases but in opposite directions as shown on the little figure. Bring the bases together, sliding the tabs from one side into the locks on the opposite side. Uncle Charley will then stand alone. Cut the slits on the body and the soldier suit as indicated; trim the tabs on the suit to fit into these slits, easily yet snugly. Cut the slit on the helmet, fold over on the dotted line, then tip with paste underneath but below this slit.

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



LAURA  
VALENTINE  
STYLES  
CHICAGO



3813



3931

To help you pass the time on a hot summer day, little Olga has come to see you, and with her she brings a little sleeveless dress to keep cool in. Of course the pattern comes with sleeves and without them, but I suggest it here in dotted swiss, trimmed with organdie bands and no sleeves and I'm sure you'll be nice and cool in it. It is No. 3813, and it, as well as the other dress, comes in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Mother could make this up with the little guimpe for you to wear to school later on in serge, percale, gingham, or rep.

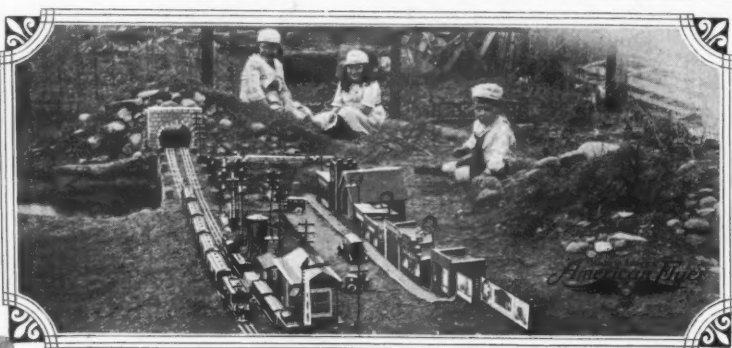
The stylish little linen dress, No. 3931, is trimmed in bands of a darker shade of linen with little Irish crochet motifs. Mother

can buy them already made but she can make them easily herself. Either one of these dresses, hand made, Miss Valentine can purchase for Mother for \$10.00 each if she will send her check. Both patterns are 20 cents each.

Tell Mother Miss Valentine is always glad to be of service to her in answering any questions she may care to ask regarding your little frocks, or in ordering either of the dresses. Be sure to state size, and material. They can be had in dotted swiss, linen, chambray, or gingham.

Address Miss Laura Valentine, care of CHILD LIFE, Rand McNally & Co., 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.





## Build an "American Flyer" Backyard Railroad

The greatest sport of all for vacation days. Lay track, build bridges, make tunnels, operate your miniature railroad outdoors. An extension wire from the house gives you power.

### Big Prize Contest

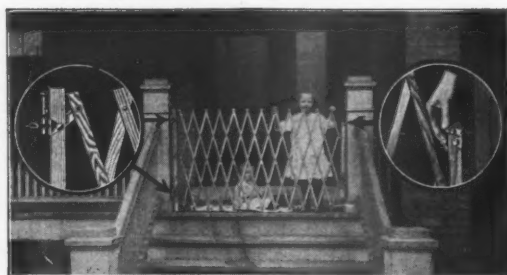
Send us photos of the Backyard Railroad you build and we will send you FREE an Engineer's Cap and an order on your dealer for 50 cents. You may also win one of the cash prizes. You may use any equipment you have.

*Write for particulars and instructions on building Backyard Railroads*

AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO.  
2219 So. Halsted Street, Chicago



## WHERE IS THE BABY?



MOTHER'S mind is at rest, for "Baby" is safe when the porch has a "National Champion" snap lock gate. Easy to detach and move from place to place. Made of Norway pine, finished with weather varnish and will not warp or twist.

*For sale at all leading Department and Hardware Stores*

The HOLMQUIST-SWANSON CO., Inc.  
2756 W. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO

## An Opportunity is offered you by **CHILD LIFE** The Children's Own Magazine

to earn some extra money during your vacation. Men and women, boys and girls are earning a good sum each month securing subscriptions for CHILD LIFE.

Start NOW among your friends and acquaintances and

## Make Your Spare Time An Asset

You can not only earn extra money, but here is an opportunity to build up a paying business.

CHILD LIFE is a magazine parents have been wanting—they find it a wonderful help and are glad to place it in the hands of their children. Every one who sees CHILD LIFE is interested because of its attractiveness and its appeal to children. You have only to show CHILD LIFE and it sells itself.

*Write today for our agency proposition.*

**RAND McNALLY COMPANY**  
536 S. Clark Street  
CHICAGO, ILL.



CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For further information regarding the Joy Givers' Club write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I HAVE never enjoyed a book so much as CHILD LIFE magazine. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Sincerely yours,

HERMINE MARGON

Age 8 years New York City

### HELEN AND HER PET RABBIT

ONE day when Helen was walking in the woods she found a baby rabbit. It looked cold and hungry. So she said, "I will take you home, dear little rabbit." Then Helen took the rabbit home.

Soon after that Helen got sick. The rabbit missed her so. It would not eat, it would not play; all it would do was sit still. Then one day Helen's mother came and took the rabbit up to Helen's room. That little rabbit just jumped for

joy, and Helen said, "I'm just as glad to see you as you are to see me." After that Helen soon got well.

HERMINE MARGON

Age 8 years New York City

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WAS invited to a birthday party a few days ago and I wondered what I should give my little friend when I saw a copy of CHILD LIFE on a book stall and thought it would be just the thing for her; and she was so pleased with it that her mother promised to buy it for her.

I have written a poem called "Sunset," and I am sending it to ask you if you could publish it in CHILD LIFE.

From your little friend,

MARY MONTGOMERY

Staten Island, N. Y.

Age 9½ years.

### SUNSET

THE sun

Was sinking in the western hills,  
And the windmills turning their great arms  
Against the orange sky,  
And the black trees waving their branches,  
And the fluttering leaves  
Falling softly on the green grass,  
And the great lake gleaming  
With the reflections of the sky and trees;

And on her silvery water  
A canoe was gliding by.  
Now the sun had gone  
And it was growing dark.  
And one by one

The twinkling stars came out  
To the soft blackness  
Of night.

MARY MONTGOMERY

St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.  
Age 9½ years.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to join the Joy Givers' Club. I am inclosing a little poem I hope you will print.

Yours truly,  
MARY JANE LYNCH  
Moline, Ill.

### THE BIRDS

TWO little birdies  
Are in a nest;  
They wanted to fly,  
But they had to rest.

One day a girl  
Found them there;  
Their mother was dead,  
So she took them with care.

When the girl had them  
Quite a while,  
They spread their wings,  
And flew a mile.

MARY, JANE LYNCH  
Age 10 years

### THE SONG OF THE CHICKADEE

FROM the scrubby little birch tree

There I hear you calling me,  
Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee!  
With a pretty coat of brown  
And a black hood drawn around,  
Then you flutter to the ground,  
Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee!

ELIZABETH PAUL LANE  
Age 9½ years Vernon, Texas

### ELFIN DREAMS

THE twinkling stars came out to stay  
Till the sun arrived to begin the day.

A rustle stirred the peaceful night  
And a tiny elf tripped out with a light.

Then twenty more followed; they came out by threes,  
Each holding a fern leaf that swayed in the breeze.

They danced in a circle and then they all sang,  
Till all through the forest their sweet voices rang.

And when, from the east, came the morning's first glow,  
The elves all turned round and to home they did go;

And the birdies awakened and came out to play  
Till the evening came at the end of the day.

PHYLLIS CALDERWOOD  
Age 12 years Spokane, Wash.

WHEN I sit upon the doorstep  
And listen to the birds  
I sometimes think their voices  
Are prettier than words.  
A-sitting in the tree top,  
Singing with all their might,  
Some are blue and some are red  
And some are black and white.  
They hop in the tree tops,  
They flutter on the lawn;  
I think they sing the sweetest  
Early in the dawn.  
And then when it gets hotter  
And later in the day,  
The little birdies chirp  
And then they fly away.

THOMAS VERNON RANKIN  
Age 8 years

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I WANT to tell you how I enjoy CHILD LIFE. I am taking copies to school and reading stories out of it to the classes in my room during our reading periods. I enjoy all the verses and Happiness Hall, Just Like This, Fairy Fancies, and In Film Land, the best. With love,

Yours very truly,  
AMELIA ROSALINE COOKE  
Montville, Conn.

### MY CHICKEN STORY

ONE day I went to one of our neighbors who gave me a little white chicken for my very own, and a small canary bird cage to bring it home in. I took very good care of my little chicken, and it grew to be a white hen. All last spring she laid dozens of nice large white eggs. She was very tame and fond of me for quite a long time, but one day she was as cross as could be. Grandpa said

she was brooding, and bought me thirteen nice brown eggs for her to set on. She hatched nine soft fluffy chickens for me. We raised them all. Well, one day I was waked up very early by one of the funniest noises out by my window. At first I was as scared as could be but my mother laughed and said it was only one of my roosters learning to crow, and I found out that I had five roosters and four pullets. Last fall three of my roosters were fried for a fine dinner, and two were stuffed and baked for Thanksgiving.

AMELIA ROSALINE COOKE  
Age 8 years Montville, Conn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM so glad I am not too old to join the Joy Givers' Club. I pick up flowers I see in the streets, and I put them in water and they bloom up so nice. I was seven May 15th. I love your book of CHILD LIFE. I can read it all myself and I have never been to school. My daddy is here in the "Night Cap" Company. This is my third trip here. I send my love to you.

DINTY HAWLEY  
Chicago

Dear Rose Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I have two sisters and I read it every night to them. My father and mother like it very much, too. I have little visitors come and read it also. We studied in school Rosa Bonheur and I took the book to school and the teacher said it was a lovely magazine, and that if anybody would like to subscribe for the magazine she would put it on the board.

LILLIAN CRESSMAN  
Age 9 years Allentown, Pa.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

THIS magazine CHILD LIFE is very interesting and enjoyable. In fact I like it so much that I find it necessary to let you hear from me.

Yours truly,  
MARJORIE A. GOLDBERG  
Age 12 years Catskill, N. Y.



## THE FOUR BEARS AND THE PIG

ONCE upon a time there were four bears that lived in a nice house in a big forest.

There was the daddy bear and mamma bear and two little bears. Their names were Bill and Pete. Pete was the baby but he could walk very well.

These bears were very tidy and clean, and their house was always in order. They had nice clean beds and each bear had a bathtub of his own to take a bath. The baby bear, Pete, had a small tub. Bill had a bigger tub and daddy had a great big tub.

One day they put some water in their tubs to take a bath but it was too hot. So they went out for a walk in the woods.

Now what do you think happened?

A dirty little pig came to the house of the bears and walked right in. He did not clean his muddy feet and left tracks all over the clean floor and on the rugs. Then he went in the bedrooms and jumped on daddy bear's bed. Then he jumped over on mamma bear's bed and soiled it. Then he went over on Bill's bed but he did not like it. Pete's bed looked nice and soft and cozy, but he saw daddy bear's bathtub and crawled in, but it was too big. Then he went in to mamma bear's tub, but that was too full. Now he tried Bill's tub, but that was too cold, so he climbed in baby Pete's tub and got good and clean.

Now he never cleaned the tubs, because, you see, he was a dirty pig, but climbed right in baby Pete's bed and cuddled up and went to sleep.

When the bears came back from the woods they saw all the tracks on the floor. They knew that a dirty little pig was in the house. They hunted everywhere and went to the bathroom. Daddy bear's tub was dirty. Mamma bear's tub was dirty, too. Bill had no water in his tub and Pete's tub was a sight.

Now daddy bear saw his bed, and how he did grow! Mamma

bear scolded. Bill hid his face in mamma's apron and cried because his bed looked just awful.

Pete ran over to his bed, too, but he didn't know if he should laugh or cry, or growl like daddy. There he saw a pig face on his pillow and he was snoring.

Just then the pig heard the bears and woke up. He jumped out of bed and ran out of the house into the woods.

The bears let him run because they did not want a pig to stay in their house. Pigs never keep clean.

PEGGY GERMANN

Age 6 years Van Wert, Ohio.



**Rock-A-Bye**

BABY is safe and happy in a Rock-A-Bye Swing No. 34. It cannot twist around, and baby cannot fall out. White swing and stand re-inforced with steel. Place it anywhere and baby is satisfied. At dealers or by express. Send for Nursery Specialties Catalog.

**Perfection Mfg. Co.,**  
2719 N. Leffingwell, ST. LOUIS, MO.

**COMPLETE \$5.00**



### Save Baby's Comfort —Save Labor!

Keep baby comfy this summer. Keep him popular. Save half the work of caring for him. The new hygienic, ventilated, rubber panty will do these things. It is comfortable in hot weather. It ends the evils of old-fashioned rubber panties. Physicians endorse

*Solvos Vento Panties*

Every infant should wear them. Net insets on each hip insure air circulation. Baby's skin breathes healthfully. No chafing or discomfort. No pins or buttons. No soiled clothes or floors. Endless trouble saved. Greatest aid to infant care ever invented!

#### Demand Vento

Be sure you get Vento. Imitations dangerous. Vento is patented—nothing else like it. For baby's sake, look for trademark inside panty—accept nothing else. If your dealer does not have Vento, write us and give his name. We will see you are supplied with this blessing. Get Vento today.

**THE SOLVOS CO.** *Sanitary Specialties*  
4218 Calumet Ave. Chicago, Ill.



**Mothers: write for this fascinating booklet**

"Mothers of the World" is the title of a fascinating little booklet which we have prepared for the mothers of America. It tells about the wonderful inventions which have made new beauty in Baby Carriages possible. It was Marshall B. Lloyd who invented the method and loom which produce Baby Car-

riages and Wicker Furniture thirty times faster than the old hand woven products. These inventions cut labor costs, enabling us to weave the finest wickers, use the best raw materials, add the latest refinements and still sell our wicker products at very low prices.

**THE LLOYD MANUFACTURING CO.**  
(Heywood-Wakefield Co.)  
MENOMINEE MICHIGAN

**Pat. Process LOOM**  
**Lloyd Products**  
*Baby Carriages & Furniture*

Doll carriages made just like mother's baby carriage.

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company  
(Heywood-Wakefield Co.)  
Dept. G  
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Please send me your booklet, "Mothers of the World," illustrating Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriages and Furniture

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City..... State..... (15)



"None genuine without Trade Mark"

The Best Mattress is Made  
Better by Using a

## Quilted Mattress Protector

IT'S like sleeping on air to sleep on a Quilted Protector. They are made of the finest materials money can buy.

Quilted in the Excelsior way that keeps them light, soft and fluffy even after long use and washing. Made in all sizes to fit all beds and cribs.

Because of their many features, they are especially suited to use on Baby's Crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress—save time and labor.

Endorsed by Physicians  
and Used by the Best  
Families Who Know

See that Trademark is stitched  
in corner of every protector  
you purchase

The Excelsior Quilting Co.  
15 Laight Street  
New York City

Dear Rose Waldo:

I AM writing to let you know how much I like CHILD LIFE.

It just seems to put new energy in me for I always want to get my work done so I can read it.

I think CHILD LIFE is the best magazine for children that has ever been printed. I just love it.

I am 11 years old and would like to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours happily,

HELEN SHAW

Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MOTHER gives me CHILD LIFE to read every month. I just love the stories and poems. Last summer when I was 6 years old I wrote this little poem about the rosebush:

Once I had a little rosebush  
And it grew so very tall,  
And it had so many blossoms  
That they simply had to fall.

I would like to be a Joy Giver and give all the joy I can to other little boys and girls.

M. OLIVE BOUTILLIER

Berwick, Me.

## AN OLD HOUSE

THERE was an old house,  
'Twas on a hill,  
It overlooked dale,  
Meadow and mill.

It was large and long  
And in the month of May,  
You could hear the robin's song,  
And other bird voices gay.

JOHN STEVENS LIEB

Age 10 years

## FAIRYLAND

OH Fairyland, Oh Fairyland,  
Where elves and fairies play!

I often visit you by night  
But never by the day.

For when I'm snugly in my bed,

I sometimes fall a-dreaming,

And that's the time, my little friends,

I see your faces beaming.

I often float on a silvery cloud,

To the happy Fairyland.

Then I am full of joy because I'm in your fairy band.

And then I pick some flowers,  
With elves and fairies gay,  
But somehow when I waken  
I can't find my boquet.

BARBARA SCHWARZ

Age 9½ years New York City

## THE AIR FAIRIES

THE moon is the mother, and the sun is the father. All the stars are the children. The clouds are the furniture, and the sky is their castle. The rainbow is the bridge to earth. The wind is their messenger. The rain is their tears; the snow is their letters, the lightning their flashlight, the thunder their loud talk.

One day North Star said to East Star, his brother, "Let us take a walk over our bridge to earth." So, quick as a flash, they shot to earth. The folks of earth call them "shooting stars." The mother and father (the sun and moon) were worried about their lost children. Since they could not leave their star babies home alone, they sent the wind-messenger to look for them. The wind was terrified when he could not find them, for the moon and sun were his king and queen. When they heard the bad news that their children could not be found, they began to shed tears, which caused rain, and the wind, tearing around with his flashlight, caused a violent storm. Their tears fell into a deep pit, which formed a salty sea.

At last the wind found on the sand the two lost stars. When the children arrived home safely, the mother and father stopped weeping and the dreadful storm was over. Many a poor house had the rain come through; so the king and queen showed their kindness by sending down a flood of warmth to the poor people in their homes. And North Star and East Star never caused any more trouble by wandering down the lovely bridge to earth.

ROSEMARY VOLK

Age 8 years



A TRADEMARK  
of SATISFACTION



## Baby Mary

**B**ABY MARY" is good natured because she is *comfortable* in her little "M" Shirt. Proper underdressing is so important to a child's health and happiness that every mother should give it most careful study.

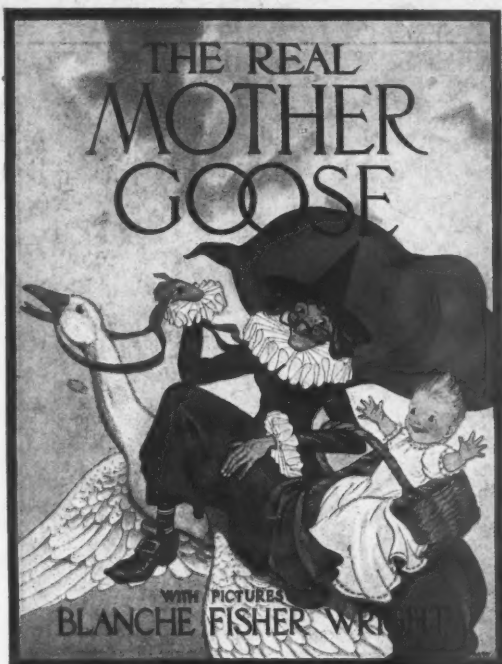
"M" Garments are "The Perfect Underwear for Children." Their soft, pliable yarns, smooth seams and perfect fit afford real comfort. Their well-made button-holes, firmly-sewed-on-buttons, durable fabrics and careful finish save work and annoyance for mother. Made in a scrupulously clean and sanitary day-light factory.

The "M" Line includes Infants Shirts in Foldover and Button styles, Diaper-Supporting Bands, Children's Waists, Waist Union Suits and Plain Union Suits in knit and woven fabrics.

Look for the red "M" in the wreath when you shop for children's underwear. It's a certainty of satisfaction. Minneapolis Knitting Works, Minneapolis, Minn.

**Mothers—Let your children be comfortable this summer in "M" Garments**

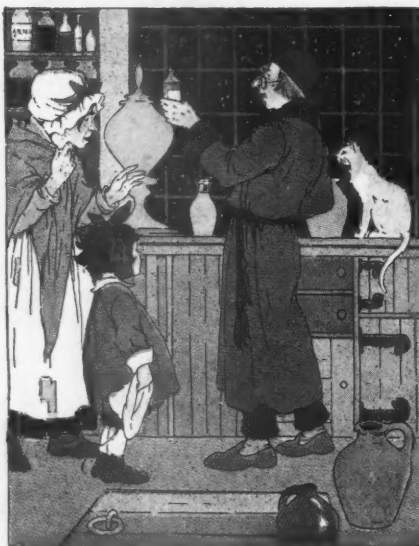




## PETER PATTER HIMSELF

Here he is gay as ever out with Mother Goose to call up her book children—Georgy Porgy, Jenny Wren, Bobby Brooks and Bessie Snooks, and all the rest, not to mention his own friends. All are to meet at the animal party which Aesop gives in his fables. What fun! The Three books—*Real Mother Goose*, *The Peter Patter Book*, and *Aesop for Children* make up the party, and in them you will meet the merriest, happiest people you ever knew and the wisest and drollest animals. You must not miss the celebration.

Above is a picture of the *Real Mother Goose* cover. But you should see the inside. No other Mother Goose book has so many rimes and lovely pictures. There are nearly two hundred color plates—all by Blanche Fisher Wright. Children love the book and almost cry for it.



This is Doctor McSwattle who filled up a bottle with vinegar, varnish and rum. He is from *The Peter Patter Book*, and this picture is reduced from a full page—just one of dozens and dozens of full-page and text pictures in colors by Blanche Fisher Wright.

Here you see the famous golden egg and the silly man who killed the goose that laid it—just as they are in *Aesop for Children*, only there they are much larger.

No child will want to miss the famous fables and the many color plates by Milo Winter.

These three books are cloth, uniform in size, large and flat, with bright covers. Price, each, \$2.00.

### RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

RETAIL STORE

536 S. Clark Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dept. D-33



